

LETHAL WEAPON
by Shane Black

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DETECTIVE SERGEANT ROGER MURTAUGH

Forty years old today.
Vietnam War veteran, 173rd Army Airborne.
Joined Los Angeles Police Department Fall, 1969.
Currently working Robbery/Homicide.
Detective Sergeant.

Loves kids. Hates animals.
Smokes too much.
Has nightmares.
Not as bad as they used to be.

A family man, a loving father.
A world class marksman.
Except today he's feeling a little old.
He is forty.

SERGEANT MARTIN RIGGS

Thirty-six years old in August.
Celebrated his birthday by watching Wheel of Fortune and
drinking a fifth of Wild Turkey bourbon.

Vietnam War veteran, Fifth Marine Division.
Joined Newark Police Department 1974. Quit. Joined Long
Beach Police Department, 1980.
Eleven years; medal of valor (twice).

Never had kids. Hates animals.
Smokes, drinks. Shaves once a week whether he needs to or not.
Watches an incredible amount of television.

Teaches Weaponless Defense and SWAT tactics.
Proficient in all infantry light weapons.
Registered with the Los Angeles and Newark police departments
as a deadly weapon.

He is single. Lives alone. Wife killed in a car crash.

He is quite possibly psychotic.

One thing they both have in common is they hate to work partners.

It is December. They will both be assigned to the same case.

The war in Vietnam is over.
In Los Angeles, however, a different war is brewing....

FADE IN:

THE SUN SETS

Over Los Angeles. Cars on the freeway glitter like a thousand gems.

Peaceful. Serene.

SANTA MONICA basks in the golden light.
The beach. The pier.

THE PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY stretches away toward night.
More cars.
Breaking waves.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS, strung over the highway.
Tinsel. Glitter.

It is Christmas in Los Angeles. CUT TO:

EXT --- SANTA MONICA BUNGALOW --- TWILIGHT

Night falls. Palm trees cast shadows on the lawn.

TOYS, lots of them, littered across the lawn. A big wheel tricycle, a G.I. Joe doll.

Christmas lights are strung across the eaves, while inside the house ---

the sound of SINGING is heard. The windows glow with warm light.

ON TOP OF THE TRICYCLE

lies a toy BADGE. Plastic covered with chipped silver paint.

Next to it ---

A fake plastic .38. A BARBIE DOLL, minus the head.

The song they are singing inside is "Happy Birthday..." CUT TO:

INT --- HOUSE --- SAME

A REAL GUN, a .38 Police Special, hanging in its holster from the back of a chair. Next to it ---

A REAL BADGE, gleaming in the light.

It identifies its owner as a Detective Third Grade.
L.A.P.D. Homicide.

The SINGING reaches a crescendo as ---

ANOTHER ANGLE

A BIRTHDAY CAKE comes into frame. A set of matronly hands places it directly in front of ---

DETECTIVE ROGER MURTAUGH:

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Middle-aged tough, old-fashioned, a fighter.

He wears his past like a scar. Crows feet, wrinkles,
a face more rude than handsome.
Eyes like Clint Eastwood. Piercing, cynical.

He is surrounded by his family; wife and three children,
names and ages as follows:

TRISH: Roughly thirty-five. She used to be really pretty.
NICK: Ten years old. Blonde, precocious.
CARRIE: Age six. Eyes like saucers. Adorable.
RIANNE: Seventeen. Takes your breath away. Heartbreaker
stuff, folks.

THE CAKE is a real beauty. Murtaugh smiles, leans forward
and lights a cigarette off one of the candles.

Trish frowns at him. He shrugs.

CARRIE
Make a wish, Daddy.

RIANNE
Go for it, Dad.

MURTAUGH
(Smiles:)
Go for it, huh....? May, I'll
go for it.

He blows out the candles. Applause. His gaze lingers on ---

THE CAKE. Or rather, the message scrawled atop it in icing:

WELCOME TO THE BIG 40

He drags on his cigarette. Coughs. In come the presents.
SMASH-CUT TO:

MUCH LATER --- SAME PLACE

Silence in the dining room. It is late and Murtaugh is alone.
Crickets. A clock ticking.

Wrapping paper litters the floor.

Cake is half-eaten on paper plates.

RICKLES THE CAT jumps onto the table and noses at the cake.

MURTAUGH

Hey.

He swats aside the cat.

Straps on his gun.

Looks at what's left of the cake:

.....BIG 40.....

Murtaugh throws on an overcoat. Looks in the mirror.
Wrinkles around the eyes.
Getting old. Getting old is what it is.....

He light a cigarette. CUT TO:

EXT --- HOUSE --- SAME

Murtaugh comes out the door and heads for his car. Late-model Buick, if it matters.

Stops, as an afterthought---
Switches on the Christmas lights.
Nice. Real nice. CUT TO:

INT --- POLICE FIRING RANGE --- NIGHT

Targets: Human silhouettes with kill-zones painted and numbered.

Murtaugh enters.
Sheds his coat, unholsters the .38.
Steps to the red line. Shifts. Stretches. Cracks his neck.

This is a ritual for him.

He stops to examine his right hand, holding it steady before his eyes ---

Except there is a slight TREMBLE. Tiny, but it's there.
He frowns.
Braces himself ---

Cross-draws with lightning swiftness.

--- BAM! ---

The sound is deafening in the closed room.
A neat round hole appears in the target.
Perfect shot: a neat third eye.

Murtaugh smiles. Holsters his gun. Puts on his coat.
Lights a cigarette, inhales ---
And sings softly to himself:

MURTAUGH
Happy Birthday to me....

CUT TO:

EXT --- LONG BEACH BOARDWALK --- NIGHT

Fog.
A boat whistle, far off.
Waves lap at the pilings.

A MAN makes his way along the boardwalk, huddled against the December chill. Carrying a bag of groceries.

He is thirty-five, give or take.
Scraggly growth of beard.
Pouches under the eyes.
The eyes? Totally black. Unreadable.

Meet MARTIN RIGGS. You wouldn't know by looking at him
that he's one of the deadliest men alive.

In fact, he looks a little like a bag person.

Or so he must seem---
to the DEADLY-LOOKING PUNK who steps from the shadows
and approaches in the fog.

Riggs turns. Looks squarely at the intruder.

RIGGS

'Evenin'.

The punk nods. Comes closer. One hand is in the pocket
of his army surplus jacket.

PUNK

Hey, man, you got any money?

RIGGS

Money...?

PUNK

Yeah. You got money?

RIGGS

(Frowns:)

Yeah. Sure. Thousands of dollars.
(beat) Oh. You mean on me. Do I
have it right now.

PUNK

You one smart motherfucker. You
a college boy?

RIGGS

Duquesne. Bachelor of Arts.
(He sets down the groceries,
calmly takes out his wallet:)
Two hundred...forty dollars. Some
change. Why do you ask?

PUNK

Give it here.

RIGGS

Give it to you....?

(Laughs:)

Now why should I do that...?

The Punk snaps open a switchblade.
Riggs laughs.

RIGGS
No, no, no. Bad idea.

FUNK
(Moves closer:)
I'll cut you, man.

RIGGS
Well, you'll try....
(Sighs, runs a hand through
his hair:)
Look, go away. Just...trust me.
(His eyes are steel:)
It's a bad idea.

PUNK
That's cool, I got me some help.

He signals. Two OTHER PUNKS step from concealment.
Riggs calmly replaces his wallet in his coat pocket.

RIGGS
Okay, fine. Let's do this.
You wanna do this? Let's do this.

PUNK #2
Dude's crazy, Calvin.

PUNK
Dude's DEAD, man.

RIGGS
(Shrugs:)
Whatever.

- He stands calmly. A pause.

Calvin charges. Low and fast.

One minute Riggs is standing.
The next his FOOT is flashing out like a steel sledge.

There is a sick-sounding CRACK.

Calvin hits the ground.

RIGGS
Okay. We through? (beat) Guys?
Stop now, or...?

The other two come barreling in.

Riggs sidesteps. Now you see him, now you don't.

The punks turn, bewildered.

RIGGS, behind them now. He takes off his belt. Coils
it around his fist.

RIGGS
Last chance....?

The punks move in.

Riggs spins. Plants a foot in a groin. Bone down.

A knife blade slices his coat.

He turns. Grabs the wrist.

Bones snap.

The knife falls.

Screaming, the punk backs off. Pulls out a zip gun.

Riggs moves in, calmly.

Strikes like a snake ---

Whips the belt, deadly fast ---

Takes the punk's nose clean off, or so it seems....

Blood sprays. The punk hits the deck.

Riggs puts his belt back on.

The punks writhe on the boardwalk.

Riggs pulls out his own gun, a .38 police special, levels it with professional ease. Punk #5 groans:

PUNK
We fucked up...

RIGGS
Boy oh boy, you sure did.

He flips open his wallet to reveal a SHINY SILVER BADGE.
Inspector, Long Beach Homicide.
Riggs smiles like a cobra....
CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT --- CENTURY CITY --- NIGHT

A sea of twinkling lights. Chrome, glass, high rise luxury.
A RITZY APARTMENT COMPLEX stretches skyward.
Its glass walls reflect the full moon.
CUT TO:

INT --- EXPENSIVE HIGH-RISE APARTMENT --- SAME

Class all the way. Pastel colors. Window walls.
New wave furniture tortured into weird shapes.
It looks like robots live here.
The only light is the moon through the windows.
Sam Cooke croones softly from five hundred dollar speakers.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

enters from the bedroom, wearing a clinging nightgown.

Crosses shakily to a table. On the table ---

A mirror dusted with cocaine.
The girl takes a pinch and smears it on her gums.

Next to the coke is an open bottle of pills.
She is really, really WHACKED.

She stumbles across the room, stopping to glance at ---

A PHOTOGRAPH on the wall.

Two men.

Soldiers.

One of them we don't recognize.

The other is ROGER MURTAUGH. Younger, trimmer.

THE GIRL throws open the glass doors of her living room ---
Steps onto the balcony.

The night wind billows her nightgown. Her hair flies.
Beneath her: a panorama of city lights. Los Angeles.

She takes off her nightgown and stands naked against this
sea of technology.

She is the most beautiful girl we've ever seen.

On the balcony railing beside her stand THREE PLANTS.

The girl sees them, and picks one up.
Giggles.

Looks over the railing.

It is TEN STORIES DOWN to the parking lot.

She squints, holds the potted plant over the edge.

GIRL

Red car.

Drops the plant.

Down it goes ---

Spiralling end over end ---

Until, finally ---

BAM. Shatters. Dirt erupts. A red Chevy is now minus
a windshield.

The girl takes another plant.

GIRL

Green car.

She drops it.

Green Dodge. Ten stories below.

BAM. Impact city. Scratch one paint job.

THE FINAL PLANT as the girl grabs it, holds it out, saying:

GIRL

Blue car.

NOW. Glass shatters. Dirt flies.
A blue BMW this time.

The girl loves this game. Her expression is slightly crazed.

She reaches for another plant.
There aren't any.

Her smile fades. For a moment, just a moment, the DULLNESS
leaves her eyes ---
And she is suddenly, incredibly, sober.

Tears fill her eyes.
She looks over the edge.

GIRL

Yellow car.

She jumps the railing.

Plummets, naked, spiralling end over end.....

Hits the yellow car spot on.
The impact is sickening.

Blood runs down the windshield. Runs down the hood.
Drips onto the license plate.
The license plate reads LOSTGIRL.

Her dead eyes stare up at nothing. CUT TO:

INT --- THE MURTAUGH HOME --- MORNING

A typical morning for Detective Roger Murtaugh.
Chaos.

The television blares.
Young Carrie Murtaugh wails like a banshee.
Her brother Nick tells her to shut up.
Trish Murtaugh is burning eggs in the kitchen.

ROGER MURTAUGH enters in a hurry, fixing his tie. The following
dialogue is fast and furious, tossed over the shoulder as
Murtaugh scurries to and fro, getting dressed.

MURTAUGH

Good morning, lovely children....
Honey, what's this on my tie?

She looks.

TRISH

An ugly spot?

MURTAUGH

Thanks. Sharp as a pin.

TRISH
I'm thinking of going on Jeopardy.

MURTAUGH
Don't take any questions on cooking.

TRISH
Thanks. I love you too.

CARRIE is still shrieking. Tears stream down her face.

MURTAUGH
Hey, kid, turn off the waterworks, okay?

CARRIE
(Points at Nick:)
Daddy, he changed the CHANNEL!

MURTAUGH
Hooooooo.

NICK
She's a crybaby, Dad.

MURTAUGH
Mind your own business.
(Nods toward the T.V. screen)
That's illegal.

NICK
What's illegal?

MURTAUGH
Can't put a dead body in an ambulance.
This Kojack?

NICK
Starsky and Hutch.

MURTAUGH
Huh. It's illegal. Never put a
dead body in an ambulance, son,
you got that?

NICK
Sure, Dad.

MURTAUGH
Honey, where's the spot remover?
(Turns to the screeching Carrie:)
Young lady, stop crying or I'll give
you something to cry about. Damn.
(Dabs at his tie.)

Carrie screams.
In the kitchen Trish drops the eggs, curses.
The phone rings.
Carrie screams.

MURTAUGH
That's it. I'm gonna give you something
to cry about.

He grabs a copy of National Geographic and hands it to her.

MURTAUGH
Starving children. See? They haven't
eaten, it's very sad. Cry.

He moves away.

CARRIE
Daddy, you're weird....

MURTAUGH
Thank you, Carrie. Hear that, honey,
the children think I'm weird.

TRISH
They're bright children. (Hangs up
the telephone:) Honey, you know a
man named Dick Lloyd? Don't step
in the egg.

MURTAUGH
Where's my thinking. I should've
checked the floor for egg. Dick
Lloyd...? (beat) JESUS, DICK LLOYD.
What's he want?

TRISH
Your service called. He wants to
talk to you right away.

MURTAUGH
I haven't talked to him in...shit,
twelve years? No, wait a minute, that
would make me forty years old, that can't
be right.

TRISH
(Smiles:)
You're not getting older, you're
getting better.

MURTAUGH
Inform the children of this.
(Kisses her, heads for the door:)
Forget the eggs, I'll eat later.

TRISH
Whatever. (beat) Honey?
(He stops:)
How come I never heard of Dick Lloyd?

MURTAUGH
I never talked about him.

TRI...
Oh. (beat) Vietnam buddy?

MURTAUGH
Yeah. Vietnam buddy.

He exits. CUT TO:

EXT --- HOUSE --- SAME

He crosses to the car. Stops, looks up ---

Sees his oldest daughter RIANNE jogging past.
She wears an adorable pair of pink sweats.
Walkman headphones.
She waves.

RIANNE
Bye, Daddy.

He waves.

MURTAUGH
(Shakes his head:)
Goddamn heartbreaker. She's a
heartbreaker.

Gets in his car. Keys the portable microphone on the dash.

MURTAUGH
Good morning, Los Angeles. This
is Unit Five, ready to roll.

CUT TO:

INT --- MARTIN RIGGS' APARTMENT --- MORNING

Morning is not a good time for Inspector Martin Riggs.

His apartment is a pit.
Dark. Depressing.
Venetian blinds. Buzzing fan.
Newspapers. Crushed cigarette butts.
Whiskey bottles.
Dust.

Riggs is in bed.
Tangled in the sheets. Sweat stains.
Your basic burn out.

THE CLOCK RADIO comes to life.
"Silver Bells....It's Christmas-TIME in the City...."

Riggs snaps awake instantly.
Alert. Tense.
His face bathed in sweat.

SERIES OF SHOTS --- RIGGS GETTING DRESSED

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Riggs crosses to the bureau, naked.
SCARS on his back. The kind you get from knives and guns.
Runs a hand through limp hair. He looks like shit.

Pops three aspirin from a bottle. Chews them.
Clicks on the T.V. Family Feud.
Puts on pants.

Opens the closet.
Takes his .38 off a hook, straps it on.
Takes a sleek stiletto from a rack. Next to the stiletto
is row upon row of WEAPONS.
This closet could outfit a small army.

.44 Magnum. Colt Woodsman. AR-15, the civilian version of
the ever-popular M-16.
Nunchaka sticks. Chinese throwing stars.

Straps the knife into a mechanical wrist-holster.
Flexes his wrist.
The knife snaps into his waiting palm.
Replaces it.
Puts the .22 Colt into an ankle holster.
Closes the closet door.
Puts on a pair of shoes.
The heels are reinforced with steel.
Did I mention that this man is dangerous.....?

Eats a sandwich, standing in the middle of his apartment.
Gazing at the wall.
There are medals there. Medals plural.
Purple heart. Congressional medal of honor.

Throws on a jacket.
Downs a shot of whiskey.
Pauses, looking at a PHOTOGRAPH on the wall.

It is a wedding picture. Riggs, much younger, along with
a pretty and vivacious woman in a wedding gown. His wife.

He stares at the picture. Twirls the whiskey glass in
his fingers. Tense.

Richard Dawson drones on T.V. (---OUR SURVEY SAYS ---)

Riggs savagely heaves the shotglass.
Shatters the T.V. screen. CUT TO:

INT --- POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE --- DAY

Long Beach Police Commissioner ED MURPHY sits behind a huge
desk. Smoking a pipe. Across from him ---
SERGEANT LEW PARISH.
Ugly. Jaded. Chain-smoker.

The Commissioner slaps an 8 by 10 photo on the desk. It is
a picture of MARTIN RIGGS.
He looks slightly less like a bag person.

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COMMISSIONER
Inspector Martin Riggs.
(Pauses to fire up his pipe.)
Everyone tells me I should worry
about him. Should I?

PARISH
Well, sir....(beat) Riggs is a very
competent policeman.

COMMISSIONER
I'm aware of his record.

PARISH
Right. (Pause:) Lately, however,
he's become a little.....overzealous.

COMMISSIONER
Speak English.

PARISH
What it is, sir.....He takes risks.

COMMISSIONER
Yes? So?

PARISH
Abnormal risks.

COMMISSIONER
(A pause, then:) Are we talking
about a cop with a death wish?

PARISH
That's one opinion. There is, however,
another possibility.
(Takes a deep breath:)
I think he may be attempting a Section Six.

COMMISSIONER
Section Six...?

PARISH
Yes, sir. I'm sure you're aware the
Department offers a very sizeable
steess pension. We don't offer it
to everybody. Only cops who seem
to suffer from...abnormal stress.

COMMISSIONER
Or suicidal tendencies.

PARISH
In a nutshell, sure.

COMMISSIONER
You think Riggs is playing a game
with us.

PARISH
I think he wants the cash.

COMMISSIONER
(Nods:)
You never particularly liked Riggs,
did you?

PARISH
No, sir. I think he's an arrogant
bastard. Sir.

COMMISSIONER
And you're convinced he's faking a crackup.
May I remind you that his wife of eleven
years was recently killed in a car
accident, and ---

PARISH
Yessir. I know all about Riggs.
I make it a point to know about people
I hate. I also think he's too tough
a bastard to fall apart.

COMMISSIONER
Okay, Lew. Watch him. I don't need
any embarrassment right now. You catch
him playing games with the Department,
you bust his ass.

PARISH
It'll be a pleasure.

COMMISSIONER
Yes. I'm sure it will.

CUT TO:

EXT --- CENTURY CITY PARKING LOT --- DAY

Police cars. Flashing lights.
A Crime Scene Unit buzzes back and forth, snapping pictures.
TWO COPS are questioning a young prostitute. Her clothes
are rumpled, her hair is a mess. Her name is DIXIE.
She is not happy.

DIXIE
She was alone on the balcony.
I told you already. I'm telling
you again.

COP #1
Super. I'm writing it again. Being
thorough.

DIXIE
Being a major asshole.

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COP #1
Ouch. Hear that, Phil? I'm
an asshole.

COP #2
She's a hooker. You're an asshole.
What am I?

DIXIE
Fucking lech. He's looking
at my tits, you see that?

COP #2
Lech. Thank you.

COP #1
Ell - Eee - See - Aych...

COP #2
I can spell it. (beat) Nice
tits, incidentally.

A BUICK pulls up beside them and stops. Out steps
ROGER MURTAUGH.

COP #2
Hey, Rog.

MURTAUGH
Morning, Phil. Get some rain, looks
like. (beat) Hey, Dixie. Nice threads.

DIXIE
Hey, Murtaugh. Tell these bozos
to lay off.

MURTAUGH
You. Bozos. Lay off.

COP #1
I'm asshole, he's lech.

COP #2
No, I'm asshole, you're lech.

COP #1
Got a jumper, Rog. Dixie here
was walking by, saw the whole thing.

MURTAUGH
You got a statement? Send her home.

DIXIE
Thanks Rog. I'm beat, you know how
it is.

MURTAUGH
Sure. (Points to her outfit:)
All dressed up and no one to blow.

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DINIE
You're very hilarious.

She exits. COP #2 escorts Murtaugh across the parking lot. In the background, cops sweep up the remains of the potted plants.

MURTAUGH
What's that about?

COP #2
Jumper did a little target practice.
Don't ask me. She's over here.....
Jumped naked, if you can believe it.

MURTAUGH
I'll try not to drool.

COP #2
You eat yet? It's pretty gruesome.

MURTAUGH
My wife's cooking. That's not eating.

COP #2
Hah. That's funny, that's a good one.

MURTAUGH
Yes. I'm fucking hilarious.

They approach the yellow Porsche.
Not very pretty, indeed.
An arm.
A leg.
Some blood. Okay, a lot.

COP #2
Name is Amanda Lloyd, age twenty-two.
One previous arrest, prostitution,
no conviction, born Tennessee, parents ---

MURTAUGH
(Interrupts:)
What was the name?

COP #2
Lloyd. Amanda Lloyd. Sarge....?

Murtaugh leans forward. Stares into the dead sightless eyes.
Something clicks inside his head.

MURTAUGH
Aw, wow. Shit. Oh, Jesus.

He lifts the dead wrist. Exposes a silver ring with a diamond inset. Right pinkie.

MURTAUGH
Parents Richard and Lucinda.

Cop 2 consults his notepad.

COP 2
Yeah. Yeah, that's right.
(beat) You know her?

MURTAUGH
I should, I bought her this ring.
She used to wear it on her middle
finger. She was ten.

COP 2
Jesus.

Murtaugh looks at the car. Yellow, speckled with red blood.

MURTAUGH
Car registered to her?

COP 2
Yeah. It's hers.

MURTAUGH
It was also her last target.
Maybe that means something.
(He lights a cigarette:) Okay,
let's move. First move: I want to
talk to the asshole who bought her
the Porsche.

COP 2
Take some looking into.

MURTAUGH
So look.

He moves away. CUT TO:

INT --- AMANDA'S APARTMENT --- DAY

Murtaugh stares at the PHOTOGRAPH we saw earlier. Himself
and the other soldier.

He holds the telephone cradled next to his ear.

MURTAUGH
Hello, honey....? Give me the number
for Dick Lloyd. What..? (Pause:)
Yes, the man who called me this
morning. (beat) His daughter just took
a dive out a window.

CUT TO:

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INT --- CAR --- DAY

Inspector Martin Riggs is driving. He looks like he hasn't slept. He certainly hasn't shaved.

Credence Clearwater Revival blares on the tape deck.
Beautiful Girls. Roller skating.
Street vendors.

The dispatch radio squawks. Riggs switches off the music and keys the hand-mike.

RIGGS

Unit 12.

DISPATCHER

(v.o.)

Unit 12, we have a 253 NOW in progress, sniper at the Grant Elementary School; three down, backup requested, officers in danger, over.

RIGGS

Unit 12, on my way.

He hits the gas pedal and peels out. His battered Plymouth kicks out a cloud of oil smoke. CUT TO:

EXT --- ELEMENTARY SCHOOL --- DAY

Police cars. Flashing lights. Barricades.
A swarm of cops, crouched low behind cars.
Inside the elementary school fence, three bodies.
Across the street: A tenement. One open window.

The cops hold a conference. Prominent among them is Sergeant LEW PARISH, the chain-smoking guy we met earlier.

Riggs drives up in his Plymouth. He gets out.
He wears a leather flight jacket, pegged jeans, and an L.A. Dodgers baseball cap.
Approaches the cops.

COP #1

Well, look who's here. Come to play hero?

RIGGS

Gotta keep the fan club happy. (beat)
Hey, Lew, how's it going?

PARISH

(Parish does not like Riggs.)
Don't give me any shit, psycho.

RIGGS

The way he talks to me. And he never calls. (beat) What do we have here?

COP #1
Sniper, sir.

RIGGS
DUH. (beat) What's he doing?

PARISH
Killing kids, what's it look like?

COP #1
We got three dead. Little kids,
Inspector.

RIGGS
(He rubs his eyes tiredly:)
Ages?

COP #1
Seven, eight and nine.

RIGGS
(Nods:) You try gas?

COP #1
Sure we did. This guy's a nightmare.
Wearing a fucking gas mask. He's
got ammo up the ass, steel siding
on the walls, it's Fort Knox up there.

PARISH
Probably planned this for months.
Got any bright ideas?

Riggs does not reply. He walks over to the playground fence.
Looks in.
Three dead children.
Takes a deep breath.
-Walks back to Cop #1.

Takes off his jacket.
Stubs out his cigarette.
Turns to the cop and says:

RIGGS
How good a shot is he?

COP #1
Sir?

RIGGS
The kids. Did he get them on the
first try?

COP #1
(Confused:) Well, no, he....opened
up at random, there were lots of kids....

RIGGS
Okay.. I'll take care of it.

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COP 1
You'll ---- what???

Riggs walks to the trunk of his Plymouth.
Opens it.
Takes out an HE-109.

For those of you unfamiliar with the weapon, the HE stands
for high explosive.
This is a rocket launcher.

Riggs starts to walk.

Past the uniformed cops.
Past the barricade.
Past PARISH, who looks up in disbelief ---

Out into the center of the street.
Right in the line of fire.

PARISH
Hey, get back here! What the hell
do you think you're DOING???

A cop rushes forward. Parish holds him back.

PARISH
No you don't. Stay the fuck back.

The other cops are SHOUTING now, telling Riggs to get
the hell OUT OF THERE.

Parish is gnashing his teeth. Fissed off beyond words.

Riggs, meanwhile, is just standing there.
He lights a cigarette.
Inhales.
Calls up to the window.

RIGGS
Hello....? (Pause:)MISTER
SNIPER, SIR....?

The other cops are shitting bricks.

Riggs just stands there.
Tries again.

RIGGS
Hey, turkey, here I am. (beat)
OR DO YOU ONLY DO KIDS....?

His eyes are steel.
A pause.
Another pause.

THE SNIPER appears at the window.
Takes a shot.
--- POW! --- The crack is deafening.....

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The bullet takes the hat off Riggs' head.

He doesn't flinch.

Raises the rocket launcher and fires.

A WHOOOSH of SOUND as the HE charge unloads.
Roars skyward.
Impacts.

Takes out the window in a SHATTERING explosion.
This is major, folks.

An eruption of glass and brick. Flying debris.
Smoke. Flame.

A CHARRED CORPSE tumbles through space.....
Lands with a sick THUD.
Right at Riggs' feet.
The twisted Sniper rifle clatters down next to it.
Glass rains from above.
Smoke. More flame.

Riggs lowers the rocket launcher.

RIGGS
Sorry, pal. My gun's bigger.

He turns away and retrieves his cap.
There is a neat bullet hole in it.
The cops swarm around him incredulously.

PARISH is nearly apoplectic.

PARISH
Oh, my. Oh, my, PSYCHO, now you've
really DONE IT. I got your ass now,
bastard, I been waitin and waitin and
I'm gonna put you under, you hear
me, Riggs. YOU HLAR ME????

Riggs looks at him without blinking and says:

RIGGS
You're welcome.

He starts to walk away, stops. Points to the bullet hole
in his hat and smiles.

RIGGS
Maybe they'll give me that Section
Six, huh, Lew?

He leaves.
Behind him is burning debris.
And possibly his career....

CUT TO:

EXT --- BOARDWALK --- NIGHT

Rain sweeps in off the ocean.
Cold.
Drenching.

MARTIN RIGGS walks slowly, his head down.
The rain beats on him.
He doesn't notice.

Under his arm he carries a cardboard box. CUT TO:

INT --- RIGGS APARTMENT

Riggs opens the box and removes its contents: brand new color television.
Puts it on the table.
Plugs it in. Switches it on.

Sits down with a bottle of whiskey.
On the screen, Don Rickles hosts Celebrity Bleeps and Blunders.
Studio laughter fills the room.

Riggs stares at the screen.
Expressionless.
Drinks.

Outside the rain beats softly on the windows. CUT TO:

INT --- POLICE SQUADROOM --- DAY

A sign reads MIDTOWN HOMICIDE.

ROGER MURTAUGH sits at his desk. He is staring fixedly at a picture of his daughter Rianne.
Lost in thought.

Behind him a pudgy cop with a head like a cueball flips through some files. This is Mc CASKEY, Detective Third Grade.
He talks to Murtaugh.

MCCASKEY

See, you're behind the times, Sarge.
Guys in the eighties aren't tough.
They're sensitive people. They show emotions around women and shit like that. (beat) I think I'm an eighties man.

MURTAUGH

How you figure?

MCCASKEY

Last night: I cried in bed, so how's that?

MURTAUGH

Were you with a woman?

MCCASKEY

No I was alone, why the fuck you think I was crying?

MURTAUGH

Sounds like an eighties man to me.

Another detective comes through the door into the squadroom.
Rail-thin, nose like a beak. His name is BURKE.

BURKE

Got some news on the Lloyd case, Rog.

MURTAUGH

That was quick.

BURKE

So was the autopsy.

(Takes a deep breath:)

Ready for this? They're not calling
it suicide.

MURTAUGH

What?

BURKE

Surprise, surprise. First off, coroner
found evidence she took barbiturates.

MURTAUGH

Brilliant. There was an open bottle
on the table.

BURKE

Right, right, that's not the surprise.
Surprise is someone doctored the pills.
Every capsule she ate was loaded with
phenylmelanine.

MURTAUGH

Which is...?

BURKE

Drain cleaner, basically. (beat) If
she hadn't jumped, she would've been
dead inside fifteen minutes.

MURTAUGH

Shit.

BURKE

Cheer up, pal. It's a homicide.
We're homicide. We get to keep our jobs.

MURTAUGH

Want mine? Give it to you cheap.

BURKE

Throw in a date with your daughter?

MURTAUGH

What's the expression? Oh, yes: fuck you.

He gets up and throws on his jacket.

MURTAUGH
McCaskey, if my wife calls, tell her
late dinner. I gotta go talk to Dick Lloyd.

MCCASKEY
Guy's pretty broken up.

MURTAUGH
It's a bad day for all of us.

He starts to go.

BURKE
Ho, Rog: I'm not through yet. I'm
supposed to tell you two more things.

MURTAUGH
Shoot.

BURKE
A.) Condition of the sheets and
mattress indicate someone was in
bed with Amanda Lloyd just before
she died. No prints yet, couple
pubic hairs, black.

MURTAUGH
They were having sex.

BURKE
Kids today, what can you do?

MURTAUGH
That's A, what's B?

BURKE
B is, I'm supposed to tell you you're
breaking in a new partner on this.

MURTAUGH
I don't work partners.

BURKE
You do now. Transfer from Long Beach.

MARTIN RIGGS walks through the door of the squadroom.
Flight jacket.
Baseball cap.

RIGGS
Roger Murtaugh?

Murtaugh points to Burke.

MURTAUGH
Right there.

CUT TO:

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EXT --- CITY STREET ---

Downtown Los Angeles.
The porno district, to be precise.
Glitter and neon.
Flashy marquees sporting immense, oddly-shaped breasts.

And, strangely enough, Christmas decor.
Strung tinsel, silver bells, a glowing Christmas tree.
An emaciated Santa Claus ringing a bell. No enthusiasm here.
Beside him a bored elf in a silly hat puffs on a cigarette.

People stream by.
Mellow in the orange glow of dusk.
Christmas carols, heard over traffic.

A MAN IN A TRENCHCOAT

shoves his way through the throng. The streets are wet
and slick with rain.

He stops before a door.
Cheap wood set into crumbling brick.
Pulls down his collar.
We recognize him instantly as Sergeant LEW PARRISH, the sworn
enemy of our friend Martin Riggs.

He pushes a doorbell.
A buzzer sounds.
He enters, shuts the door behind him.

DARKNESS.

A soft CLICK as a gun is cocked. The barrel gleams
faintly in the dim light. A voice:

VOICE

There are three guns on you.

PARRISH

Easy. Take it easy. (beat) I'm going
to light a match.

He does. Holds it near his face.

VOICE

Thank you.

The lights come on all of a sudden. Dazzling.
Parish squints, covers his eyes.

Three men. Seated in chairs.
Each wears short sleeves and ties.
One has just put on a pair of mirrored sunglasses.
He speaks, while the others lower their guns.

"AM

If you'll follow me, Sergeant Parish.

PARISH
Who the hell are you?

MAN
That's hardly important. If you like,
you may call me Mr. Joshua.

PARISH
Swell.

They move toward a door in the rear wall.

MAN
I trust you're having a pleasant
holiday season?

Parish looks at him. This guy is a weirdo....

PARISH
Yeah. It's a fucking joy, thank you.

INT --- BACK OFFICE --- SAME.

The door opens into a dimly lit office.
Old rotten wood.
Stained carpet.
A desk. Some chairs.
Behind the desk sits a large, rugged man with eyes like
chips of stone. This is the GENERAL.

GENERAL
Yes, Joshua? (beat) Ah, Sergeant Parish.
Please, have a seat. Joshua, you may
leave us.

JOSHUA
Yes, General.

He exits. The door shuts. Parish nervously takes a seat.

PARISH
Where'd you get him? Psychos R' US?

GENERAL
Hardly.

PARISH
The sunglasses are cute. Very Hollywood.

GENERAL
Mr. Joshua is unfortunately missing an
eye. He chooses, for anonymity's sake,
to forego wearing a patch.

PARISH
Swell. Blind people with guns. This
is a class act. Maybe we can run over to
the V.A. and pick up a couple amputees.
Bargain rates after six.

GENERAL
I don't find you funny.

PARISH
I don't find this fucking setup funny.
(beat) You're using mercenaries, for
Chrissake. Tell me I'm wrong.

GENERAL
No. You're not wrong.

PARISH
Right, next you're gonna tell me these
guys are loyal. That one-eyed Josh won't
fuck us over the minute someone throws
him two bucks and some Springsteen tickets.

GENERAL
These people are loyal, Mr. Parish. They
are loyal to me.

PARISH
Bullshit.

GENERAL
(Shrugs:) If you...insist on reassurance....

He taps a button. The door opens, and Mr. Joshua enters.

GENERAL
Joshua.

MR. JOSHUA
Yes, General.

GENERAL
Mr. Parish needs a measure of reassurance.
A demonstration is necessary.

MR. JOSHUA
Yes, sir.

The general opens a cabinet, removes a straight razor.
Hands it to Joshua.

GENERAL
Slice the artery in your left wrist.

Joshua takes the blade. No hesitation.
Parish looks on.
He suddenly seems a bit pale.
Joshua's eyes are unreadable behind the sunglasses.

The blade touches his skin.
And cuts.

Blood spurts.
It spatters onto Parish's face.

PARISH
Shit.....!

He recoils.
Joshua makes no sound at all.
The General nods. Takes a length of rubber tubing from the cabinet.

GENERAL
Thank you, Joshua. Have Kendo take care of it.

Joshua takes the rubber tubing and exits.

GENERAL
Kendo is an experience field medic.
(beat) You will carry through your portion of the arrangement, yes?

PARISH
(Shaken:) Jesus.....

GENERAL
You will do as we agreed, yes?

PARISH
I.....yes. Sure. Jesus.

The General sits down again.

GENERAL
Riggs may be a problem.

PARISH
Bullshit. I had him transferred.

GENERAL
To Midtown.

PARISH
Yeah, right.

GENERAL
Guess who he's working with?

PARISH
What...? (beat) Aw, no. No way.

GENERAL
You fucked up. It's really that simple.

PARISH
I didn't know...I.....Look, General, there's no way the Lloyd killing can be traced back to us.

GENERAL
Make sure there isn't. I detest fuckups.
If you do so again, I'll have Joshua cut out your eyes. (beat) That's all. Merry Christmas.

INT --- CONFERENCE ROOM --- DAY

Outside police officers scurry back and forth.
MURTAUGH sits behind a desk. Smoking. Flipping through folders.
RIGGS sits across from him.
An awkward pause.

MURTAUGH
So. Martin Riggs.

RIGGS
So.

Another awkward pause.

MURTAUGH
I don't like to work partners.

RIGGS
Neither do I.

MURTAUGH
Looks like we'll both have to learn.

RIGGS
Whatever.

Murtaugh opens a file folder, skims the top page.

MURTAUGH
Says here you're a good cop.

RIGGS
I try.

MURTAUGH
Heard about your little stunt yesterday.
Pretty heroic stuff.
(Riggs does not reply.)
Let's see....You worked for the CIA
in Vietnam, that right?

RIGGS
Yes.

MURTAUGH
As an assassin.

RIGGS
Yes.

MURTAUGH
And they gave you the Congressional
Medal of Honor.

RIGGS
It was a lean year.

MURTAUGH

You were a highly decorated officer.

RIGGS

All those medals got twenty dead guys behind 'em who deserved them more than me. I was just the luckiest.

MURTAUGH

Uh-huh....(Reads:) Served under Dekker, Fifth Marine Division...Transferred January, 1970, special missions force, army intelligence, translation: CIA enforcer, specialty high level assassinations, thirty registered kills, all V.C. high command...Proficient in all infantry light weapons, specialist in demolitions, weaponless defense... Ten years training, Eastern kung fu... Registered as a deadly weapon with Newark and Los Angeles Police Departments... Eleven years, medal of valor twice.

(He snuts the folder.)

You don't look so tough.

RIGGS

Try me some time.

MURTAUGH

No thanks. (Pause, then:) I was with 173rd Army Airborne.

RIGGS

Congratulations.

MURTAUGH

They handed us our medals, you grunts had to earn yours. (Pause:) It's over, you know.

RIGGS

What is?

MURTAUGH

The war.

RIGGS

Yes. I know.

MURTAUGH

(Meds:) Just thought I'd remind you. (beat) Incidentally, I hate to disappoint you, but my rocket launcher is in the shop, you'll have to make do with guns here at Midtown, that be okay with you?

RIGGS

(Smiles coldly:) Fine.

MURTAUGH
(Studies him:) Ten years kung fu, huh?

RIGGS
Yeah, I do this really nifty trick with my feet. (A pause:) Look, Sergeant, let's cut the shit, okay? You know why I was transferred. I know why I was transferred. Everyone thinks I'm a psycho with a death wish, in which case I'm fucked because no one wants to work with me. Or they think I'm faking to draw a section six, in which case I'm fucked because no one wants to work with me. The point is....

MURTAUGH
You're fucked.

RIGGS
Pretty much.

MURTAUGH
(Sighs:) Well, Martin....see, the thing about being fucked, is that if you take suicidal risks, and step into the line of fire all the time ---

RIGGS
--- And get the JOB done ---

MURTAUGH
--- And act like fucking Dirty Harry cause you saw it in the funny papers... you will either die, or be fucked because no one wants to work with you.

RIGGS
I'm not dead yet.

MURTAUGH
And I don't want to work with you.

RIGGS
Then don't.

MURTAUGH
Ain't got no choice. Damn. We're both fucked.

RIGGS
Terrific.

MURTAUGH
(Rubs his eyes:) I'm very old....
(Stands:) Okay, come on, partner. We gotta tell a man his daughter's suicide is really a murder. Fun stuff.

CUT TO:

EXT --- NIGHT --- STREET --- L.A.

Murtaugh's Buick pulls up in front of a steel and glass building.

Riggs and Murtaugh get out, passing a high tech facade which sports the legend: "HACKER'S AREA".

They pause, looking up.

Way up.

The building looms over them.

INT --- HIGH TECH OFFICE --- MINUTES LATER

Dick Lloyd's office, high above nighttime L.A.
Outside the window city lights gleam.

Murtaugh and Riggs are seated beneath tasteful track lighting.
DICK LLOYD paces in front of them.
He is the man we saw earlier in Amanda's photograph. Standing next to Murtaugh.

Rumpled suit, loosened tie. Follows under the eyes.
Murtaugh watches him sympathetically.
Riggs sits without expression. As the other two converse, he watches a piece of dust settle slowly from the ceiling.

LLOYD

They're calling it murder...?
But...

MURTAUGH

She was...poisoned. Even if she hadn't jumped....(He trails off.)

LLOYD

Jesus. (beat) Jesus, I can't take this. (He sits, staring out the window. Pause, then:) It's my fault.

MURTAUGH

No. (beat) Not your fault.

LLOYD

Can the biceding heart quit, Roger. I....did something, or didn't do something, and....she got all screwy, Roger.

MURTAUGH

Why did you call me yesterday?

LLOYD

Called you.....yeah. That's right.... I heard you were working out here.... I wanted you to find her for me, Roger. Take her....out.

MURTAUGH

Out of what?

LLOYD:
She did movies, Roger....named movies.
I didn't know....Coming home one day...
Felt good, I just made a half a million
bucks....Stopped into one of those....
movie places. They started the film, and....
and I was screaming, and...she was...

MURTAUGH
Don't think about it.

LLOYD
Guys were doing things to her....she
kept smiling, God....(Cries:) That was...
my smile, that she used to give me.
I try to remember, and I see that movie
and they....did those THINGS....oh, God
SHE LIKED IT, she was liking it....She
must have hated me, to do things like
that....she did it with a black guy, Roger...

Murtaugh shifts uncomfortably.
Riggs closes his eyes disgustedly.

MURTAUGH
Easy, Dick.

Lloyd turns, facing them. Intense:

LLOYD
I want a promise. (beat) You owe me.
You know you do.

MURTAUGH
Yes. I know that.

LLOYD
When you find who did it, I want you
to kill them. If it's more than
one, I want you to kill all of them.
Make them squirm first, take your time....
and fucking kill them.

MURTAUGH
I'm a police officer, Dick.

LLOYD
Forget the law. It's easy to do.
You owe me.

MURTAUGH
(Pause, then:) We have to go now.

Lloyd does not look up. Murtaugh and Riggs stand, head for the door.

LLOYD
I've seen you do it, Roger. You
kill them. You do that.

The cops exit. The door snuts.

EXT --- OFFICE --- DAY

Across the street.

Atop another building.

We see Lloyd's tiny figure in the lighted window across the way.

He is being observed by a man with binoculars.

The man lowers the binoculars ---

Revealing himself as MR. JOSHUA.

He puts on his sunglasses. CUT TO:

EXT --- BUILDING --- NIGHT

Riggs and Murtaugh exit MacKenna Aerodynamics and head for the car.

RIGGS

You want me to drive?

MURTAUGH

You're suicidal, remember?

RIGGS

Anyone who drives in Los Angeles
is suicidal.

They get in. Murtaugh lights a cigarette and stares bleakly
out the window. A moment, then:

MURTAUGH

What's wrong with the kids, Martin..?

RIGGS

I wouldn't know.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. (Pause, then:) You don't know
much, do you?

RIGGS

(Shrugs:) Guess not.

MURTAUGH

(Sighs:) Okay, you can drop the act.

RIGGS

Which act is that?

MURTAUGH

The strong silent bullshit. Nobody
likes you, nobody understands you.
Terrific. Saw it in a James Dean
movie.

RIGGS

I like James Dean movies.

MURTAUGH
Fine. So kill yourself.

RIGGS
The night is young. (beat) Dick
Lloyd said you owed him. What did
he mean?

MURTAUGH
We worked together during the war.
He saved my life in the La Drang
Valley. Took a bayonet in the lung.

RIGGS
That was nice of him.

MURTAUGH
I thought so.

The radio squawks. Murtaugh turns it up.

DISPATCHER
(v.o.)
All units, we have a 633 in progress,
jumper at the corner of Pico and
Fairfax, bacup requested, over.

MURTAUGH
(Keys the hand mike:) Unit twelve,
on the way.

RIGGS
This is great. I love this job.

MURTAUGH
Stow it.

The car screeches away heading uptown. CUT TO:

EXT --- CITY INTERSECTION --- NIGHT

A building, ten stories high.
On the ledge, a lone man poised high above the street.

Beneath him a crowd has gathered.
Police cars.
Hoots and jeers.
Searchlights.

A group of little kids shouts, "Jump, jump."

Murtaugh's Buick glides to the curb.
The doors burst open and the two partners emerge.

A patrol cop approaches.

PATROL COP
Hey, Sarge, you wanna handle this?

MURTAUGH
Where's the psychologist?

PATROL COP
Sitting in traffic.

MURTAUGH
Swell. (beat) Who's the guy?

PATROL COP
Salesman name of MacCleary. Left the office party, said he had some Christmas shopping. Went upstairs and walked out on the ledge.

MURTAUGH
Think he'll go?

PATROL COP
Seems serious enough. Who knows?

Riggs clears his throat. Murtaugh turns.

RIGGS
Want me to handle this?

MURTAUGH
You qualified to talk to jumpers?

RIGGS
I've done it before.

MURTAUGH
Fine. Go ahead and handle it.
(Riggs turns to go.)

Hey.
(Riggs stops.)
No rocket launchers. No kung fu.
Just...bring him in.

RIGGS
Sure. Bring him in.

MURTAUGH
Right.

He moves off toward the building's entrance.

CUT TO:

INT --- ELEVATOR

Riggs and the patrol cop ride slowly upward. There is an awkward silence. Then:

PATROL COP
Christmas time brings 'em all out,
I'll tell ya. (beat) One sick son
of a bitch out there.

Riggs does not reply. He smiles faintly.

INT --- TENTH FLOOR HALLWAY ---, SAME

The doors open and the two men emerge.

Moving briskly. All business.

Down the hall.

Through a door, and into a plush office.

Christmas music drones from hidden speakers.

The curtains billow in the wind.

Riggs crosses to the window and leans out.

There, about five yards away, stands the jumper. Agitated.
Breathing hard.

Below is ten stories of open space. The wind blows.

Riggs nods to the jumper.

RIGGS

Hey.

MacCLEARY

Go away.

RIGGS

My name is Riggs.

MacCLEARY

Fuck off.

RIGGS

I can't do that. (beat) What's
your name?

MacCLEARY

Look, I know all the psychology
bullshit, it won't work.

RIGGS

I'm not a psychologist.

MacCLEARY

Yeah? What are you?

RIGGS

Homicide cop.

MacCLEARY

You're early. Hang on a couple minutes,
you can go to work.

RIGGS

At least tell me your name. Look,
I gotta fill out the little piece of
paper. Okay?

MacCLEARY

(Swallows:) Len. Len MacCleary.

RIGGS
Thanks. 'Preciate it. (beat)
...That M - C...?

MacCLEARY
M - A - C, now get outta here.

Riggs leans out farther, perches on the ledge.
He is absolutely dripping calm.

RIGGS
Why are you doing this?

MacCLEARY
None of your fucking business.

RIGGS
Fair enough. (Pause, then:) I'm
coming out. Take it easy.

Riggs stands, steps out onto the narrow ledge.
He seems unconcerned.

MacCLEARY
Don't come near me!

RIGGS
Ssshhh. Easy. I'm just going
to talk.

MacCLEARY
Touch me and I'll jump.

RIGGS
I understand.

ON THE GROUND BELOW

Roger Murtaugh looks up and swears violently.

Runs out of frame.

Up above, Riggs pauses. Around him the wind blows treacherously.

RIGGS
You're not the first guy to think
of this, you know. Everyone's got
problems.

MacCLEARY
You know shit.

RIGGS
Wrong. You're wrong. (beat) I almost
tried this once. Seriously.....My wife
was killed in a car crash. Only person
I ever cared about. I never had kids.

MacCLEARY
You're breaking my heart.

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Riggs takes out his wallet, flashes it at MacCleary.

RIGGS
This is her picture.

MacCLEARY
Nice. Fuck off.

RIGGS
I'm trying to tell you I understand,
you dope.

He takes a step closer.

MacCLEARY
Don't touch me. I'm not doing
anything wrong.

RIGGS
I know that. Not like you're
murdering anyone.

MacCLEARY
Right. Only one hurt is me.

RIGGS
Same way I look at it. I'm gonna
stand beside you, okay?

MacCLEARY
No! (beat) Dammit, keep away.

RIGGS
Please. This is scary stuff. Just...
let me stand next to you.

MacCLEARY
Don't try nothing.

RIGGS
I try something, we both go.

MacCLEARY
Right.

Riggs slowly steps up next to the man. Shudders.

RIGGS
There. Fuckin' cold up here. (beat)
Helluva night for both of us, huh?
(Looks around at the sea of lights
far below.)
Here we are. (beat) God, this is really
scary. I'm scared.

MacCLEARY
Me, too.

RIGGS
You wanna smoke?
(Pulls out cigarettes:)
Let's smoke, okay?

MacCLEARY
Sure.

Riggs offers a smoke.
MacCleary reaches for it.

And Riggs snaps a handcuff on his wrist.
Snaps the other end onto his own wrist.

MacCLEARY
Hey...!

RIGGS
Sorry. (beat) See this key?

He holds up the key to the cuffs.
Flings it out into space.

RIGGS
We're together on this. You can
go if you want. But you take me with
you. Makes you a murderer.

MacCLEARY
You bastard.

RIGGS
You'll be killing a cop.

Silence.

RIGGS
I'm going inside. What say you
come with me?

He turns, starts to ease along the ledge.
MacCleary swallows hard, says:

MacCLEARY
Fuck you, I'm jumping.

And suddenly Riggs turns on him. Eyes like steel.

RIGGS
You wanna jump...? You really
want to...? (Long pause, then:)
Fine. Let's do it.

He steps to the edge.

MacCLEARY
Hey, what the fuck...!

RIGGS
You asked for it.

MacCLEARY
Hey, WAIT A MINUTE...!

Riggs jerks the handcuff chain.
Hard.
Throws them both off the edge.
Uh-oh....

The crowd gasps.

RIGGS
...GERONIMO000000.....

As down they plunge, all ten stories ---
Tumbling and falling ---
MacCleary shrieking like a lunatic the entire distance....

And suddenly, BAM --- !

They land in a fireman's net.

Bounce a few times.
Come to rest, safe and unharmed....

Riggs rolls over with a sour look on his face.
Cops surround them.

MacCleary is a trifle upset.

MacCLEARY
Get him away from me!! Cut me loose!!
Crazy fucker tried to KILL me!! Did
you see that?? He tried to kill me!!!

And so on, screaming all the while ---
As a uniformed cop cuts Riggs free with a set of clippers.

Riggs stands shakily.
Steps away from the net.

And there is Roger Murtaugh.
Visibly upset. Did I say upset? I meant enraged.

He grabs Riggs.
Slams him against the wall.
Tries to grab his collar.

Riggs' hand shoots out.
Lightning fast.
Stops Murtaugh's hand. Stops it cold.
They stare into each other's eyes.

RIGGS
Don't...touch me.

Murtaugh refuses to back down.

MURTAUGH!
What the fuck did you just do???

RIGGS
I...controlled the jump. You wanted
him down. He's down.

MURTAUGH
(Disgusted:) Sure. You did what you
always do. You got the job done.
(Pause, then:) You're not trying
to draw a Section Six. You're really crazy.

RIGGS
(Smiles coldly:) So now you know.

MURTAUGH
Yeah. Now I know.

He releases Riggs.
Takes a step back.
Police sirens wail. Christmas muzak drones on. CUT TO:

INT --- MURTAUGH'S BUICK --- NIGHT

Riggs and Murtaugh ride in strained silence.
Murtaugh looks sour.
Riggs remains, as always, totally impassive.

MURTAUGH
You haven't eaten.

RIGGS
Nope.

MURTAUGH
I told my wife to make extra. (beat)
Okay with you?

RIGGS
(A pause, then:) Sure. Could stand
a good home-cooked meal.

MURTAUGH
(Grimaces:) Yeah. So could I.

INT --- THE MURTAUGH HOME --- NIGHT

The two detectives come through the front door, shedding
their jackets.

The television blares in the living room.
Young CARRIE looks up.

CARRIE
Hi, Daddy. Is that a crook?

MURTAUGH
No, honey, I take crooks to the jail,
I don't bring them home. Martin, this
is Carrie, my daughter.

44
RIGGS

Hi.

CARROLL

Hi.

She goes back to watching T.V.
Murtaugh enters the kitchen, where TRISH is cooking.

MURTAUGH

Hi, honey.

(He looks in the oven.)

We're having something brown.....

A largish brown object....

TRISH

It's roast.

MURTAUGH

Dammit, I wanted to guess. Honey, this
is Martin, my new partner. He'll be
joining us tonight.

TRISH

Roast okay with you?

RIGGS

Fine.

MURTAUGH

How about brown, roastlike substance?

TRISH

Roger, you're being an asshole. You
two go ahead and sit down.

(Kisses Roger's ear, says:)

Don't forget to compliment Rianne
on her shoes.

MURTAUGH

Got it. Drink, Martin?

RIGGS

Scotch if you have it.

Murtaugh nods, heads into the den. Young "IC" is coloring
with a big box of Crayola crayons.

MURTAUGH

Hey, guy, what'cha drawing?

NICK

Picture. (He doesn't look up.)

MURTAUGH

Oh. Sure.

He shakes his head, starts to pour the drinks.

RIANNE enters.

We all heave a sigh. She is strictly to perish for.

RIANNE
Hello, father.

MURTAUGH
Hello, daughter. Nice shoes.

RIANNE
Oh, Daddy, aren't they great?

MURTAUGH
Absolutely. How much they cost?

RIANNE
A hundred and ten dollars. Do you really like them?

MURTAUGH
A hundred and --- (frowns:) They're shoes.

RIANNE
Right.

MURTAUGH
You wear them on your feet.

RIANNE
Right.

MURTAUGH
And that's all they do...? There's not, like a T.V. inside?

RIANNE
Hope.

MURTAUGH
(Shakes his head:) I'm very old.

INT --- DINING ROOM --- MEALTIME

Everyone is gathered, eating.
Incredibly homey and domestic-looking.

Martin Riggs puts a forkful of roast in his mouth.
Chews.
Imagine eating a cowchip. Think of the face you'd make.
It's the face RIGGS tries very hard to not make.

RIGGS
Not bad.

MURTAUGH
No, no. Bad.

TELLS
You don't have to lie, Martin.
I can't cook.

RIGGS
(Smiles:) My wife could burn water.

TRISH
You're married?

RIGGS
I was. She's dead now.

TRISH
I'm sorry.

RIGGS
No problem.

Rianne looks up from her plate.

RIANNE
Where'd you get that scar?

MURTAUGH
Rianne. Bad question.

RIANNE
Oh. Sorry.

RIGGS
No problem. I got it during the war.

RIANNE
Which war?

RIGGS
Vietnam.

NICH
(Chimes in:) DUH, Rianne, he's
not that old....

RIANNE
So, did you see that movie Rambo?

Riggs bursts out laughing. CUT TO:

SAME PLACE --- LATER

Riggs and Murtaugh sip drinks at the table.
They are alone.
Murtaugh lights a cigarette.

RIGGS
Nice family.

MURTAUGH
Thanks.

RIGGS
Appreciate the meal.

HURTAUGH
pullshit, but thanks anyway.
(A pause, then:) How did your wife
die, Martin? If I may ask.

RIGGS
Car accident.

HURTAUGH
I'm really sorry. How long ago?

RIGGS
A year come January.

HURTAUGH
Any children?

RIGGS
No.

Hurtaugh seems about to say something else, when suddenly
RIANNE taps on the wall, enters.

RIANNE
Daddy...?

HURTAUGH
Yes, daughter.

RIANNE
Mark asked me out to a club tomorrow
night.

HURTAUGH
You're grounded, remember?

RIANNE
Please, Daddy?

HURTAUGH
Who's Mark?

RIANNE
The blonde one.

HURTAUGH
The one with the pits in his face?

RIANNE
I hate you, Daddy. Those are dimples
and Mark is a doll.

HURTAUGH
I could drive a truck in his dimples.
Then he smiles you can see through his head.

RIGGS
Sounds like big dimples.

PIANNE
Just say yes, 'ad.

MURTAUGH
No.

PIANNE
(Shakes her head:) No, no, no. See,
you said No. What we need here is Yes.
"Y--esss." Y-L-S.

MURTAUGH
If you really wanted to go out with
Mike ---

PIANNE
--- Mark ---

MURTAUGH
--- Mark, you should have thought
of that before you smoked marijuana
in the house. (beat) You know, I
heard on the news last night, a team
of Russian scientists is organizing
an expedition to Mark's dimples?

RIGGS
We're talking big dimples.

PIANNE
Don't try to be funny. I hate you
both. And I'm eighteen, anyway,
know what that means?

MURTAUGH
It means if someone has sex with you,
I can't bust his ass legally. I can
only shoot him in the dimples.

RIGGS
The big ones.

PIANNE
You're full-on living in the fifties.
That stupid gun....is an extension of
your penis.

MURTAUGH
Go to your room.

PIANNE
I hate you.

MURTAUGH
That's been made clear. Go. Smoke
some weed. Do something. (The telephone
rings:) Excuse me.

Murtaugh leaves the room.
Bianne looks at Riggs.
Riggs remains impassive as ever.

BIANNE
How old are you?

RIGGS
Thirty-five.

BIANNE
You look like Clint Eastwood.

RIGGS
Thanks. (beat) You look like Heather Locklear.

BIANNE
Thanks. What do you think of my Dad?
Pretty much an asshole, huh?

RIGGS
Your Dad's alright. (beat) Excuse me.

He stands, exits. Bianne looks after him.

EXT --- PORCH --- NIGHT

Riggs walks out onto the porch.
Around him, crickets chirp.
A gentle wind blows.
The night is peaceful and serene.

Riggs sits on the porch swing, next to a big stuffed
Raggedy Ann doll.
Picks up the doll.
Stares at it.
Rubs his eyes.

CARRIE steps out onto the porch. She points a plastic gun
at Riggs, a mischievous expression on her six-year-old face.

CARRIE
Bang.

Riggs grips his chest, goes "oooh" and does an elaborate
pantomime of being shot. Carrie giggles.

She is innocent, and adorable, and if everyone were like
her there would be no evil in the world.

ACROSS THE STREET --- SAME

Unfortunately, not everyone is.

In fact, directly across the street, a figure is crouched
in the bushes.
Crewcut. Sunglasses.
The ubiquitous Mr. Johnson.
He raises his thumb and forefinger like a gun. Points it
at Murtaugh's house.

ang.

EXT --- PORCH --- SAME

Riggs sits with young Carrie.
The screen door opens and Murtaugh steps out onto the porch.
Hands Riggs his jacket.

MURTAUGH

Just got a call from McMasney.
They found out who got Amanda
beyond her start in the picture
business.

RIGGS

Same guy who financed the apartment
and the car?

MURTAUGH

Word has it. Guy's a real slimeball.

Carrie giggles.

RIGGS

What's so funny,issy?

CARRIE

Daddy said slimeball.

MURTAUGH

I was talking about a crook, honey.
(beat) What would you call him, huh?

CARRIE

(Thinks it over:) Butthead.
(Giggles:) He's a butthead.

Murtaugh grins, kneels down beside her.

MURTAUGH

What do you think, honey? Should
we bust him?

CARRIE

Bust him. Bust him. (giggles:)
Bust the butthead.

RIGGS

(Shakes his head:) Too much C.C.

MURTAUGH

Disgraceful. In you go, young lady.

CARRIE

Daddy, Mommy says you hate her cooking.

MURTAUGH

Tell Mommy hate is a mild word.
Goodnight, sweetheart.

She goes inside. Murtaugh lights a cigarette, turns to Riggs.

RIGGS
So, you got an address on this guy?

MURTAUGH
Sure do.

RIGGS
Let's go be cops.

MURTAUGH
Fine, just don't get....carried away this time.

RIGGS
He? Carried away...?

MURTAUGH
I'll drive.

INT --- KITCHEN --- SAME

TRISH MURTAUGH sets a stack of dishes in the sink and looks out the window.

Sees Riggs and Murtaugh getting into the Buick. Talking. Smoking. Frowning. Adjusting their guns. There is something about them which suggests warriors. Or soldiers.

Trish quickly, almost casually crosses herself. Goes back to the dishes. Her man drives off into the night.

INT --- DILAPIDATED LIVING ROOM --- NIGHT

Wherever we are, the place is a pit. Frayed carpeting. Food everywhere. Records. Papers. Junk...

And a table, atop which sit ten glassine bags of high grade heroin.

A SKELETON of the garden variety sits at the table. He is cutting the heroin.

Next to him a Remington shotgun leans against the wall. The barrel has been sawed off.

He hears a noise and stops, suddenly alert.

EXT --- DILAPIDATED BUNGALOW --- SAME

Outside, two policemen approach the house. One fat, one skinny. They draw their guns.

The fat one pounds on the door.

FAT COP
POLICE, OPEN UP.

Silence.
They exchange glances.

SKINNY COP
Do it.

The fat cop raises his foot.
Hits the door.
It pops the bolt and flies open.

The cops rush in. One high, one low.
Guns drawn.
Scanning the room.

Zilch.
The table is empty. The shotgun is gone.
The two cops relax visibly.

SKINNY COP
Okay. I'll take the living room,
you take the bedr---

There is a deafening BANG and half his head is sheared away
by a shotgun blast.

The fat cop dives for cover as a second blast blows out a
chunk of wall overhead.

THE SLIVERBALL retreats into the bedroom with his gun.
Hits the bedroom window on the run.
Dives through in a shower of broken glass. CUT 1:

INT --- MURTAUGH'S BUICK --- SAME.

Driving.
Murtaugh squints through the windshield.

MURTAUGH
What was the address again?

RIGGS
554 North Ainsley.

MURTAUGH
Thanks. (beat) Okay. How Martin.
We're going to question this man, yes?

RIGGS
Yes.

MURTAUGH
Question. As in talk. As in don't
kill anybody.

RIGGS
Don't kill him.

please. If you do, I'll gonna get
really pissed at you.

RIGGS
I thought you already were.

MURTAUGH
Beside the point. No killing:
Ix-nay on the killing-nay.

RIGGS
Ight-ray.

The radio squawks. Riggs takes it.

RIGGS
Unit twelve.

DISPATCHER
(v.o.)
Unit twelve, we have an officer down,
534 North Ainsley, suspect armed and
dangerous, request backup, over.

RIGGS
10-4, on our way. (Switches off:)
Well, shit.

MURTAUGH
It's never simple....

He peels out, leaving most of his tires on the road behind him.

EXT --- DILAPIDATED BUNGALOW --- SAME

Cop cars are screeching to the curb.
Pedestrians run for cover.
Sirens. Screeching rubber.
A manhunt is now under way....

EXT --- SUBURBAN YARD --- SAME

THE FAT COP who escaped death earlier is running.
Pursuing someone.
Puffing and puffing his way across the suburban landscape.
Hops a fence. Gets tangled in a row of Christmas lights.
Falls with a heavy thud.
Gets up, gasping for breath, when suddenly ---

A SHADOWNY FIGURE stumbles toward him out of the darkness.
The fat cop draws down with his .38.

FAT COP
Move and I'll kill you.

The figure stumbles into the light.
Alas, it is not the real killer.
It's some poor guy in a Hawaiian shirt with half his head
missing and blood all over.

The fat cop moves forward to help.
And that's when a hand grips his shoulder and spins him around.
This time it's the real killer, see.

A blast of thunder.
The shotgun spits flame.

The fat cop takes it in the shoulder, screams.
The killer slimeball flees into the darkness.

The cop falls back, blood spurting, gibbering with shock...
Lurches across the sidewalk.
Out into the street.
RIGHT INTO THE PATH of Murtaugh's Buick.

Murtaugh is doing fifty. He sees the fat cop and
stands on the brakes.
No dice.

BAH.
The fat cop somersaults over the hood.
Hits the ground in a heap.

The Buick screeches to a stop.
Murtaugh and Riggs leap out.

Murtaugh kneels beside the fat cop. Rolls him over.
Not a chance.

MURTAUGH
This guy's had it, Martin.
(Looks around.)
Martin...?

CUT TO:

- A .44 Magnum.
Cocked and locked.
Riggs holds it combat-style as he moves through the
bushes.
Swift. Silent.
He is stalking....

AHEAD OF HIM

The killer's shadowy form darts in and out of the trees.

Riggs keeps moving.
No panting, no puffing. Always moving.

Sirens fill the night.

THE KILLER

Passes a BEWARE OF DOG sign and stumbles up to a wooden fence.
Bursts right through it, splintering wood.

AN ATTACK DOG leaps from cover and goes for his throat.

3 5
The shotgun roars. The dog snarls and growls.

The killer stumbles across the back yard. Behind him we see a SWIMMING POOL covered with a vinyl tarpaulin.

The sirens are very near now.

The killer checks the shotgun.
Empty.

Looks around, and finds a hatchet embedded in a tree stump.
Yanks it free.

The back door opens at that moment.
A young boy emerges from within, carrying a dish of dog food.

BOY
Jake? C'mere, Jake.

He freezes, seeing the killer.
The killer sees him.
Snarls, raises the hatchet.

And Martin Riggs bursts from cover.
Draws down with his .44 Magnum.
Walks slowly forward.

RIGGS
Freeze. Not one move.

The killer turns. Looks right at him. Wild eyes. Insane.

RIGGS
Put down the hatchet.
(beat)
I'm not supposed to kill you. If I
do my partner will be really pissed.
(beat)
Put it down.

A moment.
Another moment.

The killer flings the hatchet straight at Riggs.

Riggs sidesteps.
THWACK --- !!
It plants itself in a tree next to his head.

He fires. Going for the leg.
The killer is hit.
He doesn't go down, though.

Keeps going, tries to grab the boy.
Riggs fires again. Like a surgeon, he is.
Other leg.

The killer won't go down.
He grabs the boy. Snarls.

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The boy screams.

And that's when Roger Murtaugh steps out behind the killer.
He circled around back, it seems.

Grabs the killer.

Spins him around.

Puts a ham-sized fist right through the guy's head.

Impact city.

The killer stumbles backward and collapses with a yelp ---

Onto the pool tarpaulin.

Oops.

It promptly surrounds him in a sucking, vicelike grip.

Murtaugh dives forward and extends his hand.

Too late.

Squishing noises.

The vinyl surrounds him fully, sucks him below the surface.

Smothers him.

Takes him to the bottom.

Murtaugh looks on, desperately:

On the bottom of the pool is a vinyl tomb.

It twists and shifts as the man inside tries to free himself.

Murtaugh dives in.

Swims down to the bottom.

Tanks and pulls, but we all know it's no use.

The vinyl stops moving. Goes limp.

Murtaugh gives up.

He surfaces at the side of the pool, gasping and wheezing.

Riggs kneels down beside him.

RIGGS

Hey, Rog.

MURTAUGH

Gimme a hand.

Riggs pulls him out, drenched to the skin.

RIGGS

You know, you didn't have to hit
him. I was doing fine shooting him.

MURTAUGH

You kept missing his head.

RIGGS

I couldn't get the head. You said
no killing.

MURTAUGH

Did I say that?

He stands up and shakes off a few gallons of water. Pulls a soaked pack of cigarettes from his pocket and scowls.

MURTAUGH
Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT --- BACK YARD --- A LITTLE LATER

Riggs and Murtaugh are talking to a plainclothes cop. In the background a cable and crane hookup is dredging the swimming pool.
Flashbulbs.
Crime Scene Cops.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
(Frowns:) Hang on a minute. You guys were on the way here to question this turkey?

MURTAUGH
Yeah, right. And what I'd like to know is why two uniform cops got here ahead of us.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
Simple enough. We got a call this guy was dealing heroin.

MURTAUGH
A call. From who?

PLAINCLOTHES COP
Anonymous tip. Said we come here, we find ten keys of the good stuff.

MURTAUGH
Why didn't I hear about this?

PLAINCLOTHES COP
Nobody asked. Come on, you want communication? This is the fucking police department, for Chrissake.
(Beat) Fuck, man, we lost two good cops tonight.

RIGGS
(Clears his throat:) Guess they weren't good enough.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
What's that supposed to mean?

RIGGS
Means they're dead.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
Yeah, lucky it wasn't you two.

50
RIGGS
Yeah. Lucky thing.

INT --- SLEEPY BAR --- NIGHT

Riggs and Murtaugh are seated at a corner table,
sipping bourbon.
Riggs scowls.

RIGGS
Anonymous tip. 'y ass.

MURTAUGH
Don't start.

RIGGS
This thing reeks, Murtaugh.

MURTAUGH
Call me Roger.

RIGGS
Fine. It still reeks.

MURTAUGH
(Shrugs:) Looks open and shut.
Guy's banging Amanda Lloyd, dealing
heroin on the side. Maybe she finds
out a little too much. Boom. He
kills her.

RIGGS
And now he's dead.

MURTAUGH
Very neat.

RIGGS
Too fucking neat.

MURTAUGH
Give it up. You watch too much
television.

RIGGS
I do, but that's beside the point.

MURTAUGH
What is the point?

RIGGS
The point is, I'm not sure he put
the drain cleaner in Amanda Lloyd's pills.

MURTAUGH
He killed two cops...

RIGGS
Well, sure. I mean, we know he was
a butthead. But I'm still not sure he
did the girl.

RIGGS
May, I'll bite. No dice.

RIGGS
Tell you tomorrow.

MURTAUGH
(After a pause:) That was good work
you did tonight.

RIGGS
Watch me. I get better.

MURTAUGH
You get better. I get older.

RIGGS
Have another drink.

MURTAUGH
Will it make me young?

RIGGS
Make you drunk.

MURTAUGH
Good enough.

EXT --- SEEDY BAR --- NIGHT

Later.
Riggs and Murtaugh trudge side by side down the nighttime
boulevard.
Crickets. Faraway sirens.
It begins to drizzle.

MURTAUGH
Tell me about yourself.

RIGGS
So what's to tell?

MURTAUGH
How come you're such a badass?

RIGGS
(laughs:) Really wanna know?

MURTAUGH
Try me.

Riggs shrugs, begins to speak.

RIGGS
When I was a little kid, I used to
read a lot of comic books. Wanted to be
a hero. Thought there really were...
heroes, you know? Went to Vietnam.
Killed guys. Got a lot of medals, you

(cont'd)

should see 'em. Medals, but no heroes.
Came home. Got married to Vicki.
Ended up selling most of the medals.
Bought a television set. Watched for
three years straight. Good for me;
not so good for Vicki. Only show I
won't watch is Buddy Hackett. She starts
fucking some guy looks just like Buddy
Hackett. I say, "Excuse me. You're
married. To me." She says, "Really?
I hadn't noticed." We fight. She calls
me a psycho, runs out, gets in the car.
I say don't go, hell, she goes...drives...
hits one of those bridge supports...
abutments, they're called. Wipes herself
out. Dies. I'm at home....(Pause, then:)
So anyway, I don't really give a shit about
much, now mostly I just do the job.
Day by day.

MURTAUGH

(Pause:) You're reckless, pal. That's
the talk. You're cracking.

RIGGS

(Shrugs:) I'm not afraid to die.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. Well. Here's a secret: I am.
I'm afraid to die. And if I gotta
work with Super-Cop, let's bag this
right now.

RIGGS

I promise not to get you killed.

MURTAUGH

Terrific. I feel much better.

RIGGS

Good.

MURTAUGH

(Suddenly blurts out:) Jesus, man, you're
highly decorated! And now you're standing
here telling me, "I don't give a shit if I
die....?"

RIGGS

Yep. You got it.

MURTAUGH

(Pause, then:) You're not the first one
to lose his old lady, you know.

RIGGS

Fuck you.

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MURTAUGH
Fuck you. Sure you had it tough.
All of us did. Why crack now?

RIGGS
That's my business. Why not now?

MURTAUGH
You made it through the war okay.

RIGGS
I made it through alive. Not okay.
Just alive.

MURTAUGH
Dammit, Martin, what the hell is
with you? What's your story?

RIGGS
Who knows?

MURTAUGH
You do, now fucking talk to me.

RIGGS
Okay, Roger, maybe it's about this:
Maybe it's about you wanna do something
in life you're proud of. And you keep
screwing up, life, marriage...and there's
only one thing you do good, and you
hate yourself cause of it.

MURTAUGH
What's that?

RIGGS
Kill people. (beat) Only thing I was
ever good at. At nineteen, I did a guy
from three miles out. Rifle shot in
high wind. Limited visibilty. So fucking
hard, that shot....Maybe ten people in the
world could've made it.

MURTAUGH
You sound proud.

RIGGS
I was. I was proud. Felt like I found
my place, you know? I still wake up and
think, "I was the best there was." Now
war's over. No one to kill. I'm a freak.
Who knows? Who cares? Life sucks.

MURTAUGH
(Pause, then:) You're wrong.

RIGGS
Life doesn't suck?

MURTAUGH
No, life sucks. But you've got something else
to be proud of. You've got a pretty good one.

62
There is a pause. Then Murtaugh speaks.

MURTAUGH
Hang in there. Life's worth....something.

RIGGS
Maybe it is. (beat) See you tomorrow.

He walks off toward his car.
The rain continues to fall. CUE TO:

INT --- THE MURTAUGH HOME --- NIGHT

The house is dark and quiet at this hour.
Murtaugh opens the front door, enters the living room.
Switches on the light.

INT --- KITCHEN

Fixes a sandwich.
Pickles the cat purrs, rubs against his leg.

MURTAUGH
Hey.

He kicks it aside.
Sees a package on the counter.
It bears a label:
ROGER MURTAUGH. POLICE EVIDENCE
He frowns.

INT --- LIVING ROOM

He opens the package.
A videocassette.
Takes it, slides it into a VCR machine.
- Turns on the television.

TIME CUT

A little bit later. Murtaugh is seated in front of the T.V.
On his lap is a high school yearbook. Open to the middle.
He glances down, sees ---

A PHOTOGRAPH of Amanda Lloyd. Senior picture.
Smiling. Young.
The girl most likely to.
He looks up at the television.

On the screen Amanda Lloyd is humping a beefy-looking
porno actor.
Writhing in ecstasy.
Smiling.

Murtaugh continues to watch.
Lights another cigarette.
There is a sad, faraway look on his face. CUE TO:

EXT --- SUNSET STRIP --- NIGHT

63
RIGGS cruises along in his battered Chevy Impala,
past all-night dives and porno houses.

The streets are nearly deserted.

Except for a young hooker on the corner.
Real young, maybe seventeen.

Riggs sees her and pulls over to the curb.
The hooker approaches.

Hi, honey. Looking for something?

RIGGS
Aren't we all?

HOOKER
(Nods:) Are you affiliated with any
law enforcement organization?

RIGGS
(A pause, then:) No. Get in the car.

She does. Closes the door.

RIGGS
How old are you?

HOOKER
Twenty-two.

RIGGS
Bullshit.

HOOKER
Why, you like 'em young?

RIGGS
Younger the better. How old are you?

HOOKER
(Almost shyly:) Sixteen.

Riggs nods. Takes out a hundred dollar bill and puts
it in her lap.

HOOKER
Now. (beat) No, what do you want?

RIGGS
I want you to come home and watch
television with me.

He drives away from the curb. CUT TO:

INT --- THE HUNGANG

Very late now.

64
Murtaugh hangs up his coat and walks down the dim hallway.
Pauses, looking into a bedroom.
Dick and Carrie are fast asleep.
He shuts the door.

Moves down the hall to a second door.
Opens it a fraction.
His daughter Rianne is asleep.

A shaft of moonlight falls across the bed.
She is more beautiful than we've ever seen her.
Murtaugh crosses to the bed, leans down, and kisses her
on the forehead.

She stirs in her sleep, smiles like a cat, and whispers:

RIANNE

...Mark...

Murtaugh recoils.

Stands up.

We realize that up until this moment, see, he thought she
was maybe a virgin.... (CUT TO:

INT --- MURTAUGH'S BEDROOM

He enters the room wearing a robe.
Takes it off, drapes it on a chair.

Gets into bed silently, next to his sleeping wife.
Lies awake, staring up at the ceiling.

Time passes.

The rain beats on the window, throwing odd shadows
on his face.

His eyes become heavy with sleep.

- Ever so slowly, he dozes off.

And begins to dream....

WE SEE HIS DREAM.

In the dream, we are back in Vietnam.

A clearing in the jungle.

The sun beats down.

Dry earth.

Dead plants.

"Parched," I think, is the word that applies.

MEN ARE DIGGING

A squad of U.S. Army soldiers.

Armed with shovels, they attack the dry, dusty earth.

Sweating, laboring.

Shovel after shovel plunges into the dry dirt.

Men sweat away their precious fluids. No fun at all.

65
ROGER MURTAUGH is one of the soldiers. Younger, harder.
His shoulders ripple with effort as he digs.

He glances up at ---
A young BLOND-HAIRED KID, no more than nineteen.
The kid looks at Murtaugh, smiles without enthusiasm.
Keeps digging.

The sun beats down.
Slowly we DISSOLVE, until finally ---

The digging is finished.
All the men are assembled now.
Standing at attention.

They are at the bottom of a twenty foot pit.
Ten feet wide. Fifteen feet long.
The shovels lie off to one side.

A man approaches the rim of the pit above them.
Looks down at their exhausted, dirt-blackened faces.
Smiles.

He is a U.S. Army Lieutenant.
Combat greens. Black beret.
He takes a healthy swig from a canteen of water ---
Causing the men below to lick their lips.

He spits, looks down at them, says:

 LIEUTENANT
 Last one out of the hole loses their
 water ration. Go.

What follows is a mad scramble.
The men mobilize instantly, springing into motion.
-Heaving. Thrashing.
Like wild animals.

Climbing over each other.
Fighting, clawing, tooth and nail ---
In essence, doing absolutely anything not to be last....

MURTAUGH is not faring too well.
He is buried underneath two squirming soldiers.
He throws off one of them, goes for the second.

Gets an elbow in the face.
His nose sprouts bright red blood.

Roars with anger.
Decks the second soldier.

Above him, men are streaming out of the pit.
The soldiers below claw at them.
Tearing clothing. Tearing flesh.
Trying to pull them back down.

Murtaugh is climbing over men.

66
Planting feet on top of heads.
Thrusting upward.
Shoving aside men right and left, snarling like an animal....

Reaches, at long last, the edge of the pit.

A hand grabs him.
Starts to pull him back.

No dice. Murtaugh's hand lashes out in a knife-edged blow...
Smashes the soldier in the bridge of his nose.

And suddenly Murtaugh gasps.
The soldier is the BLONDE KID we saw earlier.

And Murtaugh has hit him too hard....

Everything goes into dreadful slow motion.

Murtaugh.
Rolling over the edge.
Out of the pit.

The blonde kid.
Falling.
Tumbling over other soldiers. Bouncing like a rag doll.

Murtaugh peers over the edge.
Eyes desperate. Filled with tears.

The blonde kid hits the ground.
Lies still at the bottom of the pit.
A trickle of blood from his ear.
Needless to say, quite dead.

CLOSE ON MURTAUGH

Around him, men clamber from the pit.
The Lieutenant screams his name.
All in dreadful slow motion.

Murtaugh stares at the dead body. His eyes are insane.

A telephone begins to ring.
And ring.
And ring.

INT --- MURTAUGH'S BEDROOM

He comes awake in bed.
Face bathed in sweat.
Eyes snap open like shutters.

It is morning.
Sunlight streams through the curtains.
Beside him, the bed is empty. Water runs in the bathroom.

On the nightstand, the TELEPHONE continues to ring.
Still groggy, he scoops it up.

...Yeah...

INTERCUT --- RIGGS AND MURTAUGH

Riggs is standing, fully dressed, in his seedy apartment. Behind him the television blathers to no one.

RIGGS

Good morning, Roger. This is Martin Riggs. I've been doing a little thinking.

MURTAUGH

Martin...?

RIGGS

Listen. About the night Amanda Lloyd died.

MURTAUGH

(Sits up:) Yeah.
(Reaches for a pack of cigarettes.)

RIGGS

That hooker who witnessed the jump.

MURTAUGH

Dixie.

RIGGS

Right. Tell me this: What was a hooker named Dixie doing in Century City at four o'clock in the morning? Wilshire Vice says that's not her usual turf.

MURTAUGH

(Grimaces; the pack is empty:)
Very thin, Martin. Very thin.

RIGGS

Maybe. (beat) I think she deserves a visit.

MURTAUGH

(Sighs:) Do you know what time it is?

RIGGS

Daytime?

MURTAUGH

I'll get dressed.

CUT TO:

EXT --- OUTDOOR FIRING RANGE --- MORNING

Martin Riggs crouches combat style.

Extends his gun in front of him.

Downrange are three targets: black, man-sized silhouettes. Each of them has been labeled in magic marker.

The first is labeled MURDERER.
Riggs drills it neatly through the chest.

The second is labeled RAPIST.
Riggs puts a clean hole through its groin.

The third is labeled M-TV VEEJAY.
This one, of course, Riggs completely blows the shit out of.

Stands back. Ejects the spent magazine.

A car pulls up. Murtaugh's Buick.
Murtaugh gets out and nods to Riggs, who lovingly snaps in a fresh magazine.

MURTAUGH

You sleep with that thing under your pillow?

RIGGS

I would if I slept.

MURTAUGH

Tell me about it. (beat) It's seven-thirty.

RIGGS

You eat?

MURTAUGH

My wife's cooking. (beat) Here, stand back.

Murtaugh steps to the red line. Stretches. Cracks his neck.
Shifts from foot to foot.
Finally steadies himself.

A moment.

He cross draws with lightning swiftness.

--- BANG ---!

The report is deafening.

The target grows a neat third eye.

Perfect shot. Dead center.

Murtaugh grins, holsters his gun.

MURTAUGH

Hey-hey. Would'ja look at that?
Life is great. I love life.

RIGGS

I thought we agreed life sucks.

MURTAUGH

That was before I made that shot.

Riggs shrugs. Cross draws. Fires.
He's not even trying. Nonetheless ---
---BANG ---!

He puts a magnum round right through the hole made by Murtaugh's .38. The hole gets .60 inches wider.

Murtaugh scowls.

MURTAUGH
Yeah, yeah. Eat me.

He stalks away, pissed off. CUT TO:

INT --- MURTAUGH'S BUICK --- MORNING

Riggs and Murtaugh cruise through West Los Angeles.
Palm trees. Ocean breezes.

MURTAUGH
We know someone was in bed with Amanda
Lloyd the night she died.

RIGGS
Right. Til now we assumed it was a man.

MURTAUGH
Okay. Let's say it was Dixie.

RIGGS
Okay. Disgusting, but okay: Let's
say Dixie slipped the drain cleaner
into the pills.

MURTAUGH
Say someone payed her to do it.

RIGGS
Sure. She thinks, terrific; Amanda
swallows a couple downers and boom,
she's dead. Then Dixie ---

MURTAUGH
If it was her ---

RIGGS
---Right, right, then Dixie has plenty of
time to spritz the place up, get out, whatever.

MURTAUGH
Except Amanda jumps out the window.

RIGGS
Or Dixie pushes her. Either way ---

MURTAUGH
--- Either way, she's gotta make a fast
getaway, 'cause now the body's public.
She hauls ass downstairs.

RIGGS
People are coming out to see what happened.

MURTAUGH
Someone spots her. She says, "Shit."

RIGGS
Right. She actually stops and says, "Shit."

MURTAUGH
Or, "Damn."

RIGGS
Or, "Golly, I've been spotted." The
point being ---

MURTAUGH
The point being, now she has to cover her ass.

RIGGS
Right. So she says, "Officer, officer,
I saw the whole thing."

MURTAUGH
Right.

RIGGS
Right.

MURTAUGH
(Sighs:) That's pretty fucking thin.

RIGGS
Very thin.

MURTAUGH
(Smiles:) Hell with it. Thin's my
middle name.

RIGGS
Your wife's cooking, I'm not surprised.

MURTAUGH
Would you lay off the cooking?

RIGGS
Tell her that.

They drive on. CUT TO:

EXT --- WEST L.A. STREET --- MORNING

Murtaugh's Buick glides up to the curb.
In front of a row of neat frame houses.
Old neighborhood. Late model cars.
A little black kid playing on the sidewalk.

The two cops get out, stride toward a cottage set back
from the street.

They pass the black kid, who is playing with a plastic bucket and a headless Star Wars figure.

RIGGS

Hey, kid. What'cha doing?

The kid grins, obviously pleased with himself.

LITTLE KID

I put this on top and it fall down.

He demonstrates.

He puts it on top.

It falls down.

He grins happily.

Riggs shakes his head.

RIGGS

Good thinking.

They keep walking.

Toward the cottage.

MURTAUGH

Very thin.

RIGGS

Probably nothing.

The mount the steps to the walk.

As they do ---

The house suddenly EXPLODES.

It blows apart concussively.

There is a flash of light, a loud flat BANG ---!

And the thing tears to pieces.

Glass blows out.

Wood sprays.

Flying shrapnel. A wall of flame.

Riggs hits the dirt, smothering the little black kid.

Murtaugh dives for cover behind a telephone pole.

A piece of shrapnel chops into the wood next to his head.

Carnage. Noise.

The tumult slowly begins to fade.

Echoes.

Flames rage to the sky.

Smoke pours out.

Beams collapse.

The cottage is no more.

Murtaugh climbs to his feet, dazed; stares at the rubble.

Looks over toward Riggs, who is getting up off the kid. The kid is unhurt but shaken.

MURTAUGH

Hey.

Riggs turns.

MURTAUGH

You're on fire.

Riggs looks. The back of his coat is completely ablaze.

RIGGS

Shit.

He takes it off, flings it aside.

Goes up to Murtaugh.

Murtaugh takes a broken cigarette from his mouth.

Discards it.

RIGGS

Probably nothing.

MURTAUGH

Thin. Very thin.

EXT --- BURNED-OUT COTTAGE --- LATER

Cops prowls through the gutted remains.
Charred and black; nothing left.

A bloody lump goes by on a stretcher. MURTAUGH stops it.

MURTAUGH

No. (He looks under the sheet:) Jesus.

ATTENDANT

We're hoping to find some teeth in there.
Otherwise, could be anybody. Black, white...
Could be a fuckin bowl of soup, for all we ---

MURTAUGH

Okay, okay.

The stretcher continues toward the waiting truck. Murtaugh looks off, whispers:

MURTAUGH

Bye-bye, Dixie.

ANOTHER ANGEL

MARTIN RIGGS is examining a twisted hunk of metal as Murtaugh walks up beside him.

MURTAUGH

What'cha got?

RIGGS

Part of the device. (beat) Holy Cow.

What?

MURTAUGH

RIGGS
Artwork. This is Goddamn artwork.

MURTAUGH
Swell. I'm glad you liked it.

RIGGS
You don't understand. This is real
pro stuff. Haven't seen this since...
well, since Vietnam.

MURTAUGH
Come again?

RIGGS
CIA hired a couple mercs one time.
Used the same setup. Vibration sensors.

Murtaugh frowns. A patrol cop taps him on the shoulder.

PATROL COP
Sir, I think you'd better come with me.

Riggs and Murtaugh exchange glances. They move off.
Across the street. CUT TO:

INT --- POWER KITCHEN --- SAME

Riggs and Murtaugh enter through the screen door.
A neat kitchen. Bright, spanking clean.
At the table sits the little black kid from outside.
His mother hovers nearby.

A plainclothes cop pulls them aside confidentially.
Speaks softly:

COP
Okay, here it is. The little kid says he
saw someone working on the meter this
morning.

MURTAUGH
Where?

COP
Across the street at Dixie's. He was
playin' some kind of game, hidin' under
the stairs. Says he saw the guy
pretty good.

MURTAUGH
Jesus. This could be a break.

RIGGS
You kidding? The kid's six years old.

77
COP
If that.

MURTAUGH
You call the DWP?

COP
Sure did. No one supposed to check
that meter for at least another month.

MURTAUGH
(Nods:) Let me handle this.

COP
Be my guest.

RIGGS
Wanna wear the chicken suit? I got
some clown make-up.

MURTAUGH
Stow it.

He crosses to the table, sits down beside the boy. Smiles.

MURTAUGH
Hi. I'm Officer Murtaugh. What's
your name?

ALFRED
Alfred.

He stares at Murtaugh with eyes like saucers.

MURTAUGH
How old are you, Alfred?

ALFRED
Six.

MURTAUGH
Wow. Six. (beat) Bet you like
the Gobots, huh?
(Alfred nods.)
He, I'm a G.I. Joe man.

ALFRED
(Points:) Is that a real gun?

MURTAUGH
Yes it is.

ALFRED
Do you kill people?

MURTAUGH
No. If a guy is hurting someone, I try
to shoot him in the arm or something.
Just to stop him.

ALFRED

Momma says policeman shoot black people.

Murtaugh grimaces. Alfred's mother looks away quickly.

MURTAUGH

Alfred, this man you saw. The meter man...? (beat) You get a good look at him?

ALFRED

I saw him!

MURTAUGH

Great. Listen, you ever watch Starsky and Hutch? 'Cause the police, sometimes they need help. They need police helpers. Detectives.

(He takes out a plastic badge.

Puts it on Alfred's chest.)

If you want, you can be a junior detective. If you want.

(The kid looks at him. Distrust.)

Keep it, it's yours. Official detective.

(Alfred nods, grins.)

The man at the meter. Can you...picture him in your head? Think about what he looked like. Got it?

Alfred nods. Murtaugh takes a box of crayons out of his coat. Tosses them on the table.

MURTAUGH

Good. Now draw him, okay?

ALFRED

I'm a good drawer.

MURTAUGH

Try to draw the man.

RIGGS clears his throat.
Rolls his eyes.

RIGGS

Oh, brother. This is good. I like this.

MURTAUGH

Can it, Martin.

RIGGS

We're gonna put out an A.B.C.
on Big Bird.

MURTAUGH

Very funny.

RIGGS

(Laughs:) Attention all units. Large yellow bird. Silly voice.

MURTAUGH
You're hilarious. Alfred, draw the man, okay?

Alfred nods, takes the crayons, and carefully selects a bunch of colors. Lays them out like Da Vinci fixing his pallette.

Riggs shakes his head.

RIGGS
Brilliant police work? I think so.

He crosses to the window and looks out.
Across the street is the gutted skeleton of Dixie's cottage.
Decimated.
Riggs stares....

MEMORY FLASH

In his mind, he is back in the war.
There is noise. Shelling.
Incoming mortar fire.
Shriek of shells. Booming impact.

A YOUNGER RIGGS kicks open the door of a quonset hut.
Opens up with an M-16 on full auto.
Muzzle flash. Stuttering gunfire.
Strafes everything in sight. Glass shatters. Wood pops
and splinters.

He stops.
Lowers the smoking barrel.

Looks down.
A Vietnamese child stares up at him with big, incredulous eyes.
Riggs returns his stare.
His eyes are insane.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Riggs turns from the window.
Little Alfred is staring at him. The same big eyes.

MURTAUGH
Martin, have a look at this.

Riggs crosses to the table.
Alfred has finished his drawing, and guess what...?
It's hilariously bad.
Like a six year-old drew it or something.

Riggs rubs his eyes.

RIGGS
Oh, my...(he begins to laugh.) Oh, MY...
(Laughs even harder now. Giggling.)

Murtaugh scowls, snatches the picture away.

MURTAUGH
Terrific. Very professional.

77
Riggs is hooting. Murtaugh shows the picture to Alfred.

ALFRED
He laugh at my picture.

MURTAUGH
Shhh. Don't mind him. He's crazy.

ALFRED
I'm a good drawer.

MURTAUGH
You bet. (Points:) Alfred. This is...
the man's arm, right?

ALFRED
Yeah.

MURTAUGH
Okay. Now this mark. Is this....
What is this?

ALFRED
He had it on his arm.

Riggs stops laughing. Moves in closer.

RIGGS
Whoa. What was on his arm?

MURTAUGH
Was it a birthmark? (Points to his arm:)
Was it like this?

ALFRED
No. It...it was pained.

MURTAUGH
Pained.

RIGGS
Pained, pained. What's he saying?

MURTAUGH
Sssshh. (beat) It was...painted?

ALFRED
Yeah.

MURTAUGH
Like a tattoo? (beat) Do you watch
Popeye? Was it a tattoo like Popeye has?

Riggs rolls up his sleeve, exposing his Fifth Marine
Division tattoo.

RIGGS
This is a tattoo.

78
The boy's eyes go wide once again. He points excitedly at Riggs' arm.

ALFRED

It was that.

The cops stop, puzzled.

MURTAUGH

It was that? You mean...just like that...?

ALFIELD

Yeah. He had the same thing.

RIGGS

You're sure?

Alfred nods. The cops exchange glances.

MURTAUGH

Martin.

RIGGS

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

What the hell are we into here...?

INT --- WAREHOUSE --- DAY

Weapons.

A lot of them.

Rifles. Handguns. Automatic weapons.

Men with hard, lean faces grimly load the guns.

Bullets exchange hands.

A tough-looking MERCENARY in combat green walks up and down, making notes on a clipboard.

In the foreground, the GENERAL we met earlier is talking on the phone. He speaks quickly, sharply:

GENERAL

The information is with us. You've done well.

VOICE

(o.s.)

When does the shipment come in?

GENERAL

That's something you don't need to know. Sit tight. Say nothing.

You know what happens if you talk.

He hangs up. CUT TO:

INT --- HIGH TECH OFFICE --- SAME

The man on the other end.

We recognize him instantly, because he is ~~old~~ Lloyd,
Murtaugh's old war buddy.

He hangs up.
Rus a hand through his hair.
Lights a cigarette, glances up from his desk.

Startled.

ROGER MURTAUGH is standing in his doorway.
Eyes burning like cold fire.

MURTAUGH

Hi, Guy.

LLOYD

Roger...What's...What's up, buddy?

MURTAUGH

Not much.
(He crosses to Lloyd's desk.
Stares down at Lloyd.)
Wanna tell me about it?

LLOYD

Tell you about what?

MURTAUGH

Don't bullshit me. That's over.
(beat) Your daughter wasn't killed
because of something she was into.
She was killed because of something
you're into. Stop me if I'm wrong.

LLOYD

I don't know what you're talking about.
Roger, I ---

MURTAUGH

Keep your hands on the desk.

LLOYD

(Stops, startled:) Hey. Take it
easy, man.

MURTAUGH

Fuck easy. (beat) When you called me the
other day, you were gonna blow the
whistle, weren't you?

LLOYD

Blow the whistle on what?

MURTAUGH

You tell me. You were gonna spill your
guts. So they killed your daughter.
Tell me I'm wrong.

Lloyd stares for a moment, then looks away.

MURTAUGH
I want names.

LLOYD
Can't...can't do that....

MURTAUGH
They killed your daughter.

LLOYD
I....

MURTAUGH
They hired a hooker to poison
your daughter. TALK TO ME.

LLOYD
Dammit, Roger, I've....I've got
another daughter!

MURTAUGH
She'll be protected. (beat) It's over, Dick.

LLOYD
Protected. That's a laugh.....
You don't know these people.

MURTAUGH
Acquaint me.

TIME CUT --- SAME PLACE --- LATER

Lloyd paces back and forth. Rubs his eyes.
He looks like shit. A man at the end of his rope.

Murtaugh looks on.

LLOYD
It goes all the way back to Vietnam.

MURTAUGH
I'm listening.

LLOYD
Group called Air America. It was a
CIA front. Secretly ran the entire
war out of Laos. They employed...
mercenaries. Assassins. Those
people would just as soon kill
you as look at you. (Pause:) There
was a smuggling pipeline. Bringing
in drugs to finance the V.C. government.
We went into the jungle to shut it down.
Fall 1970. We...killed everybody.
Burned them all. But we kept the
drugs. Kept the pipeline open. No
one knew.

MURTAUGH
And...?

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LLOYD
And we've been bringing it into the
States ever since.

MURTAUGH
Bringing what in?

LLOYD
Think real hard.

MURTAUGH
Heroin.

LLOYD
(Nods:) Ever since the war. It's
still going. Run by ex-CIA.
Soldiers. Mercs. No one knows.

MURTAUGH
Where?

LLOYD
Dammit, they'll kill my family....

MURTAUGH
WHERE, GODDAMMIT.

LLOYD
(Swallows:) Long Beach. He bring
it in at Long Beach.

MURTAUGH
And what do you give back? How do
you pay?

LLOYD
That's my end. Look around.

Murtaugh scans the office.
Airplane models. Mockups.
Blueprint specs, framed on the walls.
A folder on the desk marked CLASSIFIED.

MURTAUGH
Jesus. High tech intelligence.

LLOYD
Satellite information. (beat) Lot of
buyers in the Eastern Bloc. We more
than cover costs.

MURTAUGH
You son of a bitch.

LLOYD
Fuck it, what did my country ever do
that's so great? 'uh? We're in 'am,
backing a non-democratic regime, pal.
So you tell me who's the damn terrorists.
You tell me that.

MURTAUGH
(Sudden realization:) Amanda knew....

LLOYD
She...found out. Yeah. She knew.

MURTAUGH
You feed me this, "What's wrong
with our kids" crap....Shit. Amanda
ran away...because she couldn't
stand to look her Dad in the face.
(beat) You killed her, friend.

LLOYD
DON'T YOU SAY THAT!!!

MURTAUGH
I don't need to. You know it already.
(Long pause:) I'm gonna bury this thing.

LLOYD
You can't. It's too big. These guys
are trained killers.

MURTAUGH
So am I. (beat:) So's Riggs.
(beat) I want names.

LLOYD
No way.

Murtaugh takes a framed portrait of Amanda.
Slams it down in front of Lloyd.
The glass shatters.

MURTAUGH
Names.

Lloyd flinches. Leans back. A dreamy look comes over him.

LLOYD
Nothing wrong with the kids, Roger.
We're all...fucked up. We're ruining
their world, man.

And suddenly there is a gun in his hand. He waves it
at Murtaugh.

LLOYD
Back off.

MURTAUGH
Oh, swell. Good move.

LLOYD
I'm not kidding. I'm in too far now.

Murtaugh does not budge. Lloyd cocks the hammer.

the gun is silenced, oger.

Murtaugh stares him down. Eyes like fire.

MURTAUGH
What's it gonna be, buddy...? You
gonna save my life, just so you can
snuff me twenty years later...?

LLOYD
Things are different now.

MURTAUGH
I guess.

A moment.
Lloyd stares intently.
Finger sweating on the trigger.

MURTAUGH
If you can do it, do it. I don't
fucking care anymore.

Lloyd blinks. Swallows.
Another moment.
Finally, he lowers the gun.
Sighs.

LLOYD
(Softly:) I'll...give you names.

Murtaugh relaxes visibly.

And suddenly, without warning, there is a loud CRACK.

A tiny hole appears in the window behind Lloyd.
Lloyd frowns. Reaches up toward his neck.

LLOYD
Ow. Jesus. Ouch.

He staggers forward.
A puzzled look on his face.
Then his eyes snap open in realization.
Blood is running from his neck....

LLOYD
MURTAUGH ---!

He dives in front of Murtaugh.

Another CRACK.
The window shatters.
Lloyd intercepts the second bullet.

Lands on top of Murtaugh.

They go down together.
Murtaugh scrambles, trying to free himself.
Rolls Lloyd's corpse aside.

Dives behind the desk, drawing his .38.

Outside the window, there is nothing to be seen.
L.A. basks in the afternoon sun.
Birds sing.

Murtaugh looks over at Lloyd's body.
The eyes are wide open and staring.

MURTAUGH
Son of a bitch....

EXT --- MULHOLLAND DRIVE --- NIGHT

A black Camaro is parked at the side of the road.
The San Fernando Valley glimmers below like a blanket of jewels.
Inside the car Lionel Richie sings from the F.M. radio.

INT --- CAR --- SAME

Two teenagers, engaged in a first-rate makeout session.
One of them is Roger Murtaugh's daughter RIANNE.
Pink sweater. Spill of blonde hair like straw. Gorgeous.

The other is a blonde bohunk with hilarious dimples.
Meet Rianne's heartthrob MARK. Age 17 going on six (mentally).

Rianne pulls away from an extended kiss.

RIANNE
Mark, I gotta get home.

MARK
Would you quit worrying? Your Mom
thinks you're asleep and you're Dad's
busy shooting crooks.

RIANNE
He said he'll scot you if we have sex.

MARK
Some things are worth dying for.

He leans in and kisses her. Passion, horniness. Something.
He runs a hand inside her sweater.
She starts to resist.
Sighs, and gives in.

RIANNE
Wait.

She takes her gum out and sticks it to the steering column.
Kisses him again.

And Mark suddenly pulls away.

His eyes snap open wide.
He utters a soft gasp of air.

RIANNE

Mark..?

He falls forward into her lap like a side of beef.
In his place we see a serrated HUNTING KNIFE.
Slick with blood.

PAN TO REVEAL the man holding the knife.
Crewcut. Sunglasses.
No less than Mr. Joshua. Deadly as ever.
He leans into the car, grins, and says:

MR. JOSHUA

May I cut in...?

EXT --- SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD --- NIGHT

Martin Riggs walks slowly down the boulevard.
Male prostitutes take one look at him and flee.
He stops to light a cigarette.

As he does ---
He notices a reflection in the silver lighter.
Two pinpoints of light. Moving.

He throws away the cigarette.
Spins, drawing his gun.

A streetcorner Santa yelps and dives behind a light standard.

HEADLIGHTS, as a car comes barreling out of the darkness.
Bearing down on Riggs at fifty miles an hour.

- Riggs fires.
The windshield splinters.

No dice. The car keeps coming.

Riggs fires again, sprints for cover ---

As a man leans out of the car window with an UMI SUBMACHINE GUN.

Opens up on full auto, strafing everything in sight with
withering fire.
Chopping the cement to tatters.

Catches Riggs in the chest.
He takes three direct hits.
Flies backward through a store window.
Glass shatters.

Hits the ground in a heap.
The car shrieks off into the night, laying rubber.

The echo of gunfire slowly fades on the wind....
People are shouting, sirens are fast approaching.

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INSIDE THE DARKENED STORE ---

Riggs lies crumpled in a pool of broken glass.

He swears.

Slowly rolls over, a pained look on his face.

Tears open his shirt front, revealing a layer of Kevlar battle armor.

Bullet-proof vest, for the layman.

Three .9 millimeter slugs are flattened against the protective armor.

He stumbles shakily to his feet, bleeding from a hundred nicks and cuts.

Stumbles up to the broken window, as cop cars screech to a halt outside.... CUT TO:

INT --- MIDTOWN HOMICIDE --- NIGHT

ROGER MURTAUGH bursts through the door from the street. Moving briskly. Determined.

BURKE huffs and puffs, catches up to him.

BURKE

Roger.

(Murtaugh stops, turns:)

Someone tried to hit Riggs.

They dash off down the corridor.

INT --- SQUADROOM --- SAME

Murtaugh and Burke come through the door. Gaze across the cluttered room toward ---

None other than MARTIN RIGGS. Slightly the worse for wear. He perches atop a battered desk, cigarette dangling from dry lips.

Bandaged hands. Facial cuts.

He waves blandly at Murtaugh.

RIGGS

Hey, Sarge.

Murtaugh swears, crosses to Riggs.

MURTAUGH:

You okay?

RIGGS

Been better. (beat) You know, I think we're stepping on some toes.

MURTAUGH:

Who hit you?

RIGGS
Don't know. Lack season, no plates.
Uzi submachine gun.

MURTAUGH
Jesus Christ. (Thinks:) Okay.
Okay. Listen up, I've got a lot
to tell you. First off ---

RIGGS
Let me guess. We're up against
trained killers and mercs.

MURTAUGH
Shhhh. You're interrupting.

RIGGS
Sorry.

MURTAUGH
First off, we're up against
trained killers and mercs.

RIGGS
Can I interrupt?

MURTAUGH
Yes.

RIGGS
This is bad. Trained killers is bad.
Uzi machine guns is bad. (beat) We
may be in trouble.

MURTAUGH
(Mods:) Death could be a problem.
(beat) So. What do we do now, ace?

RIGGS
Give up? Flee? Go far away?

MURTAUGH
Hilarious. What do we really do?

RIGGS
What else? Bury the fuckers. You know,
we solve this, we could get famous.
No shaving ads and shit.

MURTAUGH
Do Goddamn Forest Lawn ads, we're
not careful.

RIGGS
Feh. Don't be a killjoy. Thursday
night. Let's go kick ass.

MURTAUGH
You just got shot, man.

RIGGS
Exactly.

MURTAUGH
What do you mean, exactly?

RIGGS
Gives us the edge, colchise.
(Smiles:) They think I'm dead, Roger.
And aren't they just gonna snit when
I nail their butts....?

INT --- CORRIDOR --- NIGHT

Riggs and Murtaugh.
Moving fast. Silent, determined.
They stride side by side down the corridor.

McCaskey comes around the corner, shuffling papers.

McCASKEY
Hey, guys. Got a body for you.

MURTAUGH
No time. Give it to Burke.

McCASKEY
Captain says give it to you.
(Reads:) Male caucasian, age seventeen.

MURTAUGH
Swell. Did he have blonde hair and
huge dimples?

McCaskey looks up, frowns:

McCASKEY
How'd you know...?

And suddenly Murtaugh stops dead.
So does Riggs.
They both look sick.

They bolt down the hall, leaving behind a very puzzled McCaskey.

EXT --- THE MURTAUGH HOME --- NIGHT

Murtaugh's car screeches up to the curb.
Takes out a big wheel, hops the sidewalk.
The two cops are out and running in a dead heat toward
the front door.

Murtaugh flings open the door.

Stops.
On the carpet beneath the mail slot is a tiny, gaily wrapped
Christmas package.
A card is attached.

He scoops it up, flips open the card. It is addressed to
DETECTIVE MURTAUGH.

The message is short. Typed in block capitals:

HERE IS ONE PLACE YOUR DAUGHTER
WILL NEVER PUT A WEDDING RING

He tears open the package, afraid to breathe.
Inside is a severed finger.
Pink nail polish.

Murtaugh drops the box like a live snake.
Backs away, stumbles into the wall.
Shakes his head.

MURTAUGH
Bastards....BASTARDS.....

Riggs looks on, stunned.

The telephone rings.
Rings again.

RIGGS
Roger.

Murtaugh looks up.
Snaps out of it.
Down the hall, his wife Trish moves to answer the phone.

MURTAUGH
DON'T ANSWER THAT!!

He rushes down the hall, scoops up the receiver, hisses:

MURTAUGH
Murtaugh.

The voice on the other end is crisp. Calm.

VOICE
(o.s.)
We don't want the girl. We want you.
Griffith Park, main quad. Come alone.
You try anything, we do to her what we
did to the Cong Defense Minister.

There is a click, and the connection is broken.

Murtaugh hangs up slowly, stares straight ahead.
On the table, a stuffed bear stares back impassively.
TRISH MURTAUGH looks on, terrified.

MURTAUGH
They took my kid....Bastards took
my kid....

He turns to Riggs.

MURTAUGH
Martin....? (Pause:) What happened
to the Viet Cong Defense Minister....?

ALICE
(Still shaken:) ...Mercenaries...
kidnapped him. as an example. (beat)
They skinned him alive....

CUT TO: -

INT --- MIDTOWN HOMICIDE --- NIGHT

McCaskey is seated next to a bank of telephones, smoking and reading a comic book.
The phone rings. He picks it up.

INTERCUT --- McCASKEY AND PARISH

Sergeant Lew Parish is on the other end. He is standing alongside Mr. Joshua and the General in the seedy back room office.

McCASKEY
McCaskey. Homicide.

PARISH
Hello, this is Sergeant Parish, 53rd Squad. I'm calling because I heard that Sergeant Riggs had some trouble --

McCASKEY
(Interrupting:) Sergeant Riggs has been killed. Shot through the chest by unknown assailants; he died shortly afterward.

PARISH
My God. I'm sorry.

McCASKEY
Sound to happen. Guy was a hot dog.

PARISH
Yeah. Sure. (beat) Um, goodbye.

He hangs up. Turns to the others.

PARISH
Eingo. We got him.

GENERAL
(Nods:) I want Murtaugh taken alive.

PARISH
He may not talk.

GENERAL
Start cutting his little girl.
He'll talk.

INT --- MARTIN RIGGS' APARTMENT --- NIGHT

Riggs tosses aside a late-edition newspaper.
The headline reads "POLICEMAN MURDERED."

The apartment is dark, illuminated only by a tiny lamp.
Riggs crosses to the window.
Peers out through slatted blinds.

On the street below, a group of Christmas carolers is singing "Tidings of Comfort and Joy."

Riggs looks at the wall calendar: December 29.
The clock ticks.
The refrigerator hums.

He goes to the closet.
Opens it.
A cloud of dust billows out.

Reaches in, removes a weathered cardboard box.
Sits in the center of the room, takes a shot of bourbon.

Opens the box.
Inside is a black camouflage suit.
He pulls it out.
Underneath is a wicked-looking hunting knife. He takes that too. Holds it up next to his face.
It positively SPARKLES in the dim light....

SERIES OF SHOTS

Riggs dons the black skinsuit.
Straps on the knife.

Places up a pair of combat boots.
Straps the Colt .22 in its ankle holster.
Throws on combat webbing.
Clips a grenade to a chest strap.
Drops three metal throwing stars into a pouch.

Slings a shoulder holster. .38 Police Special.
.44 Automag, riding the left hip.
Smears black combat paint on his face.

Scans his appearance in the mirror.
He is the Devil in black.

Glances over at the photograph of his wife on the wall.
Wedding gown. White lace and satin ruffles. Beautiful.

His face is craggy. Feathered. Covered with paint.
Surely he was never married, this demon....

RIGGS

Forgive me.

He pulls on a black watch cap.
There is a knock at the door.
Riggs spins. Lightning quick.
Gun in hand.

V 10
(O.S.)

He. Murtaugh.

72
RIGGS
(Come in slow.

The door opens and Roger Murtaugh enters, carrying a briefcase.
He looks briefly at Riggs' combat getup. Shrugs.
Sets the briefcase on the bed, opens it.

It is filled with round upon round of ammunition.

MURTAUGH
Hollow points. Armor piercing.

RIGGS
(Nods:) You weren't followed?

MURTAUGH
No.

Riggs begins scooping up handfuls of ammo. CUT TO:

SAME ROOM --- LATER

Murtaugh is hooking a wire in place under his collar. He speaks.

MURTAUGH
Testing, one two three....

RIGGS
Fine.

He removes his earphone. Stands in front of Murtaugh.
After a pause, he speaks:

RIGGS
You know they're going to kill her.

MURTAUGH
Yes.

RIGGS
You want her back, you've got to take
her away from them.

MURTAUGH
I know.

RIGGS
Good. We do this my way. (beat) You
shoot, you shoot to kill. Get as many as
you can. Don't miss.

MURTAUGH
I won't miss.

RIGGS
There can be no hesitation, Roger. We
go for broke. You got that?

Murtaugh frowns.

MEMORY FLASH

The pit.
The blonde-haired kid.
Murtaugh's hand strikes.
The kid falls. its bottom.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Murtaugh looks Riggs in the eye.

MURTAUGH
Just keep up with me.

RIGGS
Okay. (beat) It's nine-thirty.
Let's move.

MURTAUGH
Don't get too close. They'll spot you.

Riggs hoists a long distance sniper rifle.
Infra-red scope.

RIGGS
Three miles okay?

EXT --- GRIFFIN PARK OBSERVATORY --- 1971

The observatory sits silent beneath a full December moon.
Crickets chirp.
The park is peaceful. Deserted.

ROGER MURTAUGH lights another cigarette.
Faces back and forth, his breath pluming in front of him.
Glances up.

A set of HEADLIGHTS suddenly clicks on.
A car glides slowly into the park.

Murtaugh throws down his cigarette.

The car rolls to a halt.
The headlights remain on.
The doors open.
Out come three mercs, armed to the teeth.
Automatic weapons.

The stand silhouetted in the blinding glare.

MERC 1
Murtaugh?

MURTAUGH
Yes. (beat) I'm alone.

MERC 1
Hands up. Come with us.

Show me the girl.

MERC 1
She's not here.

MURTAUGH
Bullshit. Let me see her. Then
I come quietly.

The merc nods. Steps back toward the car.

Inside, RIANNA is gagged, helpless. Her hair hangs limp
with sweat. Her eyes are terrified.
Next to her, MR. JOSHUA holds a cocked pistol.

MERC 1
(Leans in:) He wants to see the girl.

BACK OUTSIDE

Murtaugh waits. Sweating. Hands in pockets.

And out come Rianne, followed by the vicious-looking merc.
He holds a knife squarely at her throat.

RIANNA
Daddy...!

Murtaugh's eyes fill with tears. Relief that she's
alive. Pain at what she's living.

MERC 1
Simple exchange. You come with
us, the girl takes a walk.

MURTAUGH:
Let her go now.

MERC 1
No. Take your hands out of your pockets.

MURTAUGH:
(Shrugs:) Sure thing, pal....

He slowly raises his hands.
In his left hand, he clutches a shiny metal sphere.
A grenade.
The pin has been pulled.
Murtaugh's grip is the only thing keeping it dead.

The merc swears violently.

MERC 1
Phosphorous grenade.

75
MURTAUGH:
(Meds:) Called the suicide grenade.
So powerful the guy who throws it
burns with it. (beat) Not her go,
or we all die.

Mr. Joshua calmly steps out of the car. All heads turn.

MR. JOSHUA
Take him.

MERC 1
But sir....

MR. JOSHUA
He's bluffing, it's a dud. We wouldn't
risk killing his daughter.

MURTAUGH:
Don't push me.

MR. JOSHUA
Take him.

MEANWHILE....

A hilltop overlooking the park.
Far away.
The car and the surrounding figures are tiny.

A lone soldier crouches.
Riggs.

The rifle is on his shoulder. His eye is glued to the scope.

THE INFRA-RED IMAGE shows Rianne and her captor. Knife
at her throat.

Riggs' concentration is absolutely perfect. Like a statue.
He licks a finger. Raises it, testing the wind.

RIGGS
Come on...Come on...

BACK WITH MURTAUGH

As he and Mr. Joshua stare each other down.
Tense. Tense.
His hand clutches the grenade.
Merc 1 pushes the knife into Rianne's throat. The blood
becomes a steady trickle.

MERC 1
Put the pin back in. Now.

Murtaugh sweats.

Mr. Joshua begins to walk forward, gun extended.
Cool as ice.

INSIDE THE CAR

A cellular phone begins to ring. The driver picks it up. TO:

SERGEANT LEW PARISH

Standing at a pay phone. Agitated. Desperate. He says:

PARISH

This is Parish. Tell Joshua it's
a trap. Riggs is still alive.

BACK OUTSIDE

Joshua is still moving forward, smiling.
Merc is hurting Rianne. She moans in terror.

ON THE HILLTOP, Riggs sits dead still, focusing through
the sniper scope.

RIGGS

Come on, colchise....

Joshua stops in front of Murtaugh.
Cocks the gun.

JOSHUA

Drop the fucking grenade.

MURTAUGH

I do and we die.

JOSHUA

No. I don't think so.

He points the gun at Murtaugh's hand.

And then all hell breaks loose.
A bunch of stuff happens:

The car door bursts open and out jumps the driver, yelling:

DRIVER

Watch it! Riggs is alive!

Joshua snarls.
Fires the gun, BA ---!
Catches Murtaugh in the arm.

Murtaugh drops the grenade.
It rolls.
Mercs dive for cover.

The merc holding Rianne takes a step back.

ON THE HILL, Riggs grunts. Fires.

The merc's head is sheared in two by a .507 round.

TO PAUL
Rianne, RUN!!!

Murtaugh rolls, cross-draws.
Snaps off his famous shot.

The slug takes a merc right between the eyes.
Perfect shot. Dead center.

Rianne runs.

Joshua fires a burst in her direction.
A bullet from Riggs sends him diving behind the car.

The grenade goes off.

POOF.....!

A cloud of orange smoke.
A shower of confetti.

MR. JOSHUA
Dud! It's a dud!

Murtaugh fires three shots, BAM-BAM-BAM--!

Meanwhile Rianne is almost to the observatory.
A merc spins in her direction.
Takes aim.

ON THE HILL, Riggs centers his crosshairs.
Grunts. Fires.

The merc's head dissolves in a bloody spray.

Rianne rounds the corner to safety, bullets chasing her.
Chopping up the pavement.

Riggs line up for another shot.

And there is a soft CLICK.
Very near his head.

He whirls.

THE GENERAL is standing not ten yards away.
M-16 leveled. Cocked and locked.

GENERAL
You're not that fast, son.
(beat) Drop the rifle.

He speaks into a walkie-talkie.

GENERAL
I got Riggs.

BELOW IN THE PARK

Murtaugh dashes forward, firing wild ---

Until the ground before him literally erupts with gunfire.
The earth erupts in clods.
The grass is chopped to tatters.
He stops, raising his hands in surrender.
Huffs and puffs for breath.

As the smoke clears, MR. JOSHUA approaches, flanked by two mercs with Uzis.

Joshua smiles. Levels his gun at Murtaugh.

JOSHUA

A very nice try.

(Addresses one of the others:)

Go get the girl.

ON THE HILLTOP

Riggs stands, hands over head.
The General studies him thoughtfully.

GENERAL

Martin Riggs. A pleasure. Your combat record is the stuff of legend.

RIGGS

General Peter McAllister. Commander, CIA Special Unit, North Vietnam.

GENERAL

(Frowns:) I see we know each other.

RIGGS

You bet.

GENERAL

Unfortunate.

RIGGS

It sure is. Cause I'm gonna kill your ass. (He smiles a cobra grin.)

GENERAL

I don't think so, son.

He takes out a laser pistol and fires a dart.
It takes Riggs in the chest.
Crackles with electricity.
Riggs grunts in pain and falls.
Hits the ground unconscious.

BELOW IN THE PARK

Mr. Joshua says to Murtaugh:

MR. JOSHUA
You're about to have a fun evening.

MURTAUGH
Go spit.

Joshua slams him in the head with a karate blow. He falls.
Joshua addresses a walkie-talkie:

MR. JOSHUA
We're ready to move, General.

CUT TO:

EXT --- CITY STREET --- NIGHT

Rianne is running for her life.
She pounds barefoot down the sidewalk, screaming for
help at the top of her lungs.

A TAXI CAB comes roaring down the street.

Careens to a halt.
She throws open the door and jumps in.

RIANNE
They're killing my Dad, you've
got to help me!

The cabbie turns, says:

CABBIE
Take it easy, Miss.

And he grins.
It is none other than KENDO, the Oriental killer.
He leans over and shuts the door.
The car drives off....
FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT --- BASEMENT --- NIGHT

At first, we don't know where we are.
The picture is fuzzy.
Goes in and out of focus.

Gradually sharpens, until we are looking at ---

Mr. Joshua, cool as ever.
He leans against the wall, chewing a toothpick.

MARTIN RIGGS blinks, coming awake. He is still GROGGEY.
Tries to sit up.

His vision swims. He falls back, dizzy.
There is a splashing noise.

ANOTHER ANGLE

700
Riggs is naked.
He is manacled hand and foot.
Chained in a bathtub full of water.

Around him is a dingy concrete basement, lit by a single bulb on a chain.

Mr. Joshua steps forward.
Behind him is KENDO, the oriental mercenary.
He is working on a mechanical device of some kind.
Connecting wires.

Riggs grunts.

JOSHUA
Well, well. Look who's back
from the dead.

Riggs struggles against the manacles, slopping water.

JOSHUA
Please save your strength. I believe
you'll need it.

Riggs stops moving. Scowls up at him.

RIGGS
(Squints:) Joshua Fallon. CIA
special unit. Retired, 1974. Last
seen, the Phillipines. Mercenary detail.

JOSHUA
Oh, my. I had no idea I was so
famous. What else do you know?

RIGGS
I know your depth perception sucks....
Ever since you lost your left eye.
Shame, I hear you were a helluva shot.

JOSHUA
(Holds up an Uzi:) With this, I
don't need to see so good. (Smiles:)
Well. You're just in time for a lot
of pain.

RIGGS
I'm thrilled.

JOSHUA
Oh, you will be. I dare say you'll
be.....shocked.

KENDO snickers in the corner.

RIGGS
Who's the chimp?

JOSHUA
Shhh. Don't make him mad.

RIGGS
My mistake. Who's the pleasant
Oriental psychopath?

JOSHUA
His name is Kendo, and he has
forgotten more about dispensing
pain than you will ever know.

RIGGS
Terrific. Listen, guys, can we
get some Mister Bubble in here...?

JOSHUA
Please shut up.
(He studies Riggs:)
My, my, look at all those scars.
(beat) See, Martin, we have a
problem. Now we have Murtaugh, we
really don't even need you. But
I believe in being thorough.

Across the room KENDO throws a switch. A HUMMING becomes audible.

JOSHUA
Our problem --- and yours, too ---
is that there's a shipment coming in
tomorrow night. A rather large one.
We're all very excited. But we must
know something: We must know how much
the police have learned. One of our
members, a Mr. Lloyd, was silenced a
tad too late, I'm afraid. So if you'll
be kind enough to tell us all you know,
I will kill you quickly.

RIGGS
Such a deal, I should worry.

JOSHUA
Oh, indeed you should. (beat) See,
Martin, you will talk to us.

He gestures to Kendo, who approaches.
Carrying a battery hook-up.

JOSHUA
Back before prison reform, the staff
at Sing Sing invented a rather unusual
form of punishment. It's known as the
hummingbird treatment. Are you familiar?

RIGGS
Please, no tickling. I hate tickling.

JOSHUA

The "patient" is chained naked in a bathtub full of water. A bath is then administered using a battery powered sponge. The pain is said to be so excruciating that after twenty minutes most men are either insane or dead.

Riggs is silent.

JOSHUA

I thought you'd like it. I can, of course, kill you now. Simply tell me what you know.

RIGGS

Guess we're in for a long night. Cause I don't know scratch.

JOSHUA

We'll find out. Kendo...?

The Oriental moves forward.

He brandishes the sponge, attached to a humming battery casing.

Dips the sponge in a bucket of water.

Riggs is sweating.

JOSHUA

Feel free to scream.

RIGGS

Haven't you guys...heard of Yuletide cheer...?

Kendo runs the sponge down Riggs' chest.

RIGGS SCREAMS.

A high, keening, lunatic scream.
Thrashes in the water, splashing Kendo, splashing Joshua,
whipping from side to side as the room spirals back and forth out of focus ---

Straining against the manacles ---
Sparks jumping from his flesh ---
Muscles twitching spastically. Out of control.
Kids, don't try this at home.

Kendo removes the battery.
Riggs falls backward. Thumps against the tub.
Sucking air.
Moaning.

JOSHUA

My goodness. Now that was fun, wasn't it?

Riggs looks at him. Gripping hate.
He is burning.

RIGGS
I'm going to kill...both of you.

JOSHUA
(Laughs:)- That's very funny. (beat)
About the shipment...?

RIGGS
Fuck yourself.

Kendo dunks the battery.
Runs it down Riggs' stomach.

He screams....and screams again.
We mercifully CUT TO:

INT --- DINGY BACK ROOM --- SAME

No windows.
Dirty hardwood floors.
A single chair in the center of the room.

ROGER MURTAUGH is strapped tightly to the chair.
His face looks like something his wife makes for dinner.
Black eyes. Swollen jaw.

His shirt is off, exposing the gunshot wound in his arm.

THE GENERAL stands facing him, flanked by three mercs.
They all wear holstered sidearms.

GENERAL
The shipment, Mr. Murtaugh?

MURTAUGH
Go spit.

GENERAL
(Sighs:) I hope you enjoy saying
that as much as Mr. Larch enjoys
punishing you for it.

MR. LARCH, a big swarthy Philippino with no discernable
compassion, steps forward.
Pours a big handful of baking salt from a container.
Packs it into Roger Murtaugh's gunshot wound.

Murtaugh groans. Shouts. Struggles.
The General looks on without blinking.

MURTAUGH
That's it....if you guys think I'm
sending you a Christmas card
you're nuts.

GENERAL
(Shakes his head:) This is going nowhere.
Mr. Larch...?

Larch grins, leaves the room.

A pause.
Murtaugh sweats, glaring out from swollen eyelids.
The General nods, smiles.
Larch re-enters.

This time he's got Murtaugh's daughter RIANNE.

She is clad only in a filmy silk slip and high-heeled pumps.
Panicked and crying.

RIANNE
Daddy, please don't let them
hurt me....!

Murtaugh goes nuts.
Struggles, wrenches, bangs the chair up and down against
the floor.
No use. He is completely helpless.
Snarls with rage.

MURTAUGH
BASTARDS....Untie me and I'll
kill every one of you.

GENERAL
Precisely why we would never think
of untying you.

Larch shoves Rianne into the corner. She lands in a heap.
He clicks open a shiny new SWITCHBLADE.

Murtaugh is sweating buckets. Eyes desperate.

The General leans close.

GENERAL
If you know something, son, you better
play ball, 'cause the stakes just went up....

INT --- BASEMENT --- SAME

Back with RIGGS ---

As he groans and collapses back into the tub.
Splash.

Moans feebly.
Blood drips from his nose.
Saliva drools from his limp mouth.
He looks half-dead, probably because he is just that.

KENDO pulls away the battery sponge, says to Joshua:

KENDO
He knows shit.

JOSHUA
I heard him say Long Beach.

KENDO
Yeah, but he doesn't know where in
Long Beach. Believe me, he'd have
told us.

JOSHUA
Fine. (Clucks in disgust:) Big,
bad soldier.....my ass. (beat)
I'm going upstairs. Deal with him.

KENDO
Deal with him?

JOSHUA
Yeah. (Stops at the door:) Fry
his nuts.

He exits.

Walks down the hall, goes upstairs into a dim PROJECTION
BOOTH; We realize that we are in the back corridors of
a pornographic movie theater.

Joshua sits, watching the film, a faint smile playing at his lips.

INT --- BASEMENT --- SAME

Kendo switches on the battery again.
In the tub, Riggs' head lolls back and forth.
Listless. Dead.
His eyes refuse to focus.

His hands move sluggishly, rattling the iron chains.
Kendo shows him the sponge.

RIGGS
(Slurred:) ...No...Please....

KENDO
You die now, Mr. Riggs. Very slow.

Riggs does not respond. Stares into space.
Kendo leans over the tub, reaches in ---

And that's when we find out Riggs has been faking.

His eyes focus.
He is no longer dazed.

He snaps his hand forward to the end of the chain.
Grabs Kendo by the hair.
In the blink of an eye, he slams the man's head down
against the porcelain tub.
Kendo's nose shatters. Blood squirts.

The Oriental topples over into the tub.
Drops the battery to the floor.

Riggs is a Goddamn machine; he flips the chain around
Kendo's neck and wrenches hard.

A hideous CRACK as Kendo's neck splinters.

He goes limp.
Blood comes out his mouth.

Riggs is not through yet.

He begins to heave and thrash, thrusting against the chains --
Maneuvering the corpse on top of him.
Shifting it.
Moving Kendo's pants pocket within reach.

He reaches in.

Slowly, carefully, brings out a shiny silver KEY....

INT --- DINGY BACK ROOM --- SAME

A length of rope is pulled taut.

RIANNE's bound hands are stretched over her head.
Larch hooks the rope around a hook set into the wall.
She dangles, helpless.

Murtaugh is apoplectic.
Straining to free himself.

GENERAL

Good Lord. Very wholesome looking girl.
Yessirree.

MURTAUGH

Goddammit, I TOLD YOU LONG BEACH!!

GENERAL

Where in Long Beach...?

MURTAUGH

!!!I DON'T KNOW!!

GENERAL

I was afraid you'd say that.

Larch touches the switchblade to Rianne's cleavage.
She squirms. Cries.

GENERAL

Mr. Larch, rape Sergeant Murtaugh's
daughter.

MURTAUGH

NO! (beat) You touch her, you're dead.

GENERAL

Oh, son, spare me. (beat) It's
over, Sergeant. No heroes around
to save you.....

Rianne screams.

INT --- BASEMENT --- SAME

Riggs stands, dripping water.
Slips into his jeans.
His naked back is criss-crossed with scars.
His face is a deadly mask.
Like a robot, he is.

Crosses to the tub and pulls free a length of iron chain.
Wraps it around his fist.... CUT TO:

INT --- BACK ROOM --- SAME

Murtaugh is pleading for his daughter's life.
Sweating.
Helpless, he's so Goddamn helpless....

MURTAUGH
I don't...know anything...

GENERAL
We don't believe you.

MURTAUGH
You...gotta...(In tears:) Let her go...

GENERAL
Mr. Larch, enjoy yourself.

Larch grins and strips off his shirt.
Rianne hisses and aims a kick at his groin.
He laughs and swats it aside.
Pulls off her shoes.

RIANNE
Oh, God, Daddy...!.

MURTAUGH
Don't...don't fight him....
(To the General:) PLEASE:
Let her go. Then I'll talk.

GENERAL
You'll talk right now.

He picks up a baseball bat and throws it to Larch.

GENERAL
Larch, before you rape the girl,
break her kneecaps.

Murtaugh strains.
The chair thumps up and down, creating an insane,
stacatto rhythm.
The general laughs, high and shrill.
Rianne shrieks.

Harrowing. Terrible. A scene out of Hell.
And then the Devil comes in.

EXT --- CORRIDOR

Riggs has been standing outside the door.

As Larch hefts the baseball bat ---

As Rianne cowers in fear ---

As Murtaugh howls ---

Riggs makes his move.

He hefts the chain, braces himself, and kicks the door off its hinges.

He explodes into the room like a whirling dervish.

OKAY. OKAY.

Let's stop for a moment. First off, to describe fully the mayhem which Riggs now creates would not do it justice.

Here, however, are a few pointers.

He is not flashy. He is not Chuck Norris.
Rather, he is like a sledgehammer hitting an egg.

He does not knock people down.
He does not injure them.

Rather, he systematically, methodically kills everyone standing.

Except for the General.
He ducks out a side door and escapes.

Riggs' chain moves like a live thing.
Snapping here.
Striking there.
Crushing heads.
Busting windpipes.

Mercs try to draw their guns.
And suddenly their hands are shattered wrecks.

One merc draws a bead on Rianne, almost gets off a shot, because Riggs is across the room.

Without missing a beat, Riggs grabs one of Rianne's SHOES.
Flings it.

It positively sings through the air ---
And the spiked Italian heel plants itself in the guy's head.

He goes down, firing useless rounds into the ceiling.

Plaster rains.
Riggs spins, dives. Scoops up the baseball bat.

Comes up beside an armed merc.
The merc fires and misses.

Riggs swings the bat at his head with hurricane force.

A sickening impact.
The bat breaks in half.

Riggs spins, combat ready. Scans the room.

No one left to kill.
Using only the element of surprise, he has taken out an
entire room in hand to hand combat.
Corpses litter the floor.

He steps in front of Murtaugh without missing a beat.
Cuts him loose with a borrowed knife.

RIGGS
Work your circulation.

Crosses to Pianne, cuts her free. She collapses sobbing
into his arms.

RIGGS
Ssshhh. No time. Come on.

He scoops up handguns.
Tosses one to Murtaugh, who stares dumbfounded at the body count.

RIGGS
They're all dead. Let's get
out of here.

EXT --- HALLWAY --- SAME

The three of them.
On the run, going hellbent for leather.
They scramble down the corridor, Riggs in the lead, as ---

A MERC ducks around the corner and sees them.
Ducks back.

Riggs fires through the wall.
A corpse falls into view.

They keep moving.

Downstairs.

Around another corner.

Riggs runs straight into an angry merc.
The guy's got an M-16 with a bayonet.

He thrusts forward at Riggs.

And Riggs TAKES THE BAYONET.
It plunges into his shoulder.

But it doesn't stop him; he falls flat to his back,
sails the merc over his head.

The merc hits with a crash.
Murtaugh shoots him.

And meanwhile Riggs still has a gun attached to his shoulder.
Without missing a beat he yanks it out ---
Spins it and cocks it in a single move.
Unleashes a deadly burst as two more mercs round the corner.

Blows them to Hell. Real hero stuff here.

The three of them keep moving.

Rushing headlong toward a sign marked EXIT; they may
actually make it....

Or not.

For at that moment, MR. JOSHUA looms up behind them and
tosses something in their direction.
Ducks back out of sight.
It's a live grenade....

The grenade hits the floor. Clatters.

Riggs stops instantly.

HE KNOWS THE SOUND.

Spins.

Dives.

Scoops up the grenade and chucks it with all his might,
like Nolan Ryan heaving a spitball....

It bounces downstairs past a sign which reads THEATER.

INT --- PORNO THEATER

On the screen, a naked blonde is bucking and heaving
like a trooper.

Just as she reaches her alleged climax ---

Yep, you guessed it ---

She explodes.

The screen erupts into a billion glittering fragments.

Audience members shriek and dive for cover.

EXT --- THEATER --- NIGHT

Outside the theater.

Mr. Joshua and the General dive into a black sedan and
go roaring off down Hollywood Boulevard.

The crowd parts like the Red Sea.

A blonde prostitute bounces off the hood, lands in a
crumpled heap.

People are screaming.

The sedan thumps over the sidewalk, screeches away,
leaving rubber.

And meanwhile, back at the ranch....

THREE MERCENARIES

Come dashing out of the theater, really hauling ass.

Bystanders scream, seeing the M-16's.

The mercs pile into a second car, just as FIGGS, MURTAUGH and RIANNE come skidding out of the theater in hot pursuit.

Murtaugh shoves his daughter back as the mercs cut loose a storm of gunfire.

Bullets lash the pavement.
The crowd shrieks.

The final merc dives into the car and it lurches into the street with the door still open.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURTAUGH AND RIGGS go running after the car.

Side by side. Beaten. Bloody. Naked from the waist up.

Murtaugh firing his pistol. Shot after blazing shot.

Riggs unloading with the M-16 on three-shot mode, the muzzle flash blinding, the noise DEAFENING ---

Until PEDESTRIANS swarm suddenly into the line of fire ---
Forcing a cease fire.

Except Murtaugh won't give up.

He runs after the car, shouting:

MURTAUGH
OUT OF THE WAY. MOVE.

His gun clicks empty.
He tosses it aside.
Pulls another from his waistband.

Fires four more shots.
Collapses in the street.
Nearly unconscious.

Crawls forward after the car.
Fires three more shots.
The gun clicks empty.

He still crawls, blood streaming from his broken nose ---
Going on sheer guts.
Finally gives out. Slumps in a heap.

RIGGS shoves aside a pedestrian and kneels beside him.
RIANNE runs from cover, screaming Murtaugh's name.

A POLICE CAR roars up to them, flashers spinning.

Riggs is a man possessed.
We PAN-A-GLIDE with him as he runs forward.
Leaping obstacles.

Clutches the M-16 in one hand.
Flashes his badge with the other.

RIGGS
GET AN AMBULANCE!!

He takes off after the killers' car.
On foot.

Someone better tell this guy to lighten up.

THE CAR is far ahead, zooming down onto a freeway on-ramp.

Riggs runs.
Sweat pours off him.

Seeing the car on the ramp, he changes direction.
Starts running an intercept course.

Leaps out into the street ---
Spins, as A TRUCK blares out of nowhere, brakes squealing,
horn squawling.
Somersaults over the hood. Lands. Keeps moving.

Barrels across the street.
Faster now. Even faster than before.

Feet pounding.
Gun swinging.

Dashing out onto the FREEWAY OVERPASS.

Where, without stopping, he promptly jumps the guardrail.
Drops through space...
And lands, thump--!

- Atop the big green freeway sign.

Swings like an acrobat.
Dangles from the sign, thirty feet above the ground.
Levels the M-16 one-handed, switches it to full auto.
Waits....

BENEATH HIM

The killers' car comes screaming through the underpass,
doing eighty.

Riggs unleashes the gun.
It blazes with cruel fire.

Strafes the back of the car.
Sure enough, blows out both tires ---

Throwing the vehicle into a deadly SKID....

Slewing across the freeway ---
Striking the guardrail at sixty-plus.

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It slides for a full hundred yards, sending up a shower of sparks. The back tires disintegrate in a trail of burning rubber.

The car grinds to a halt.

The door opens and a mercenary rolls out.

Riggs fires. Kicks up a cloud of cement near the merc.

The merc returns fire.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Big chunks of the freeway sign blow out next to Riggs' head. He is showered with wooden debris.

Below on the freeway, the car's gas tank gives out. It blows to smithereens. The two mercs inside are reduced to fragments.

THE REMAINING MERC

Runs down the freeway. Cars are swerving now to avoid the blazing wreckage.

Riggs sights, deadly cool ---
Closes one eye....
Grunts. Fires.

A short staccatto burst.
The merc goes down, cut neatly across the ankles.

Riggs lowers the gun.
Lets go and drops twenty feet to the pavement.

Lands, rolls, comes up.
A CAR swerves around him.
Crashes into the guardrail.

Riggs doesn't even look.
Instead, he begins to walk.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Our Dirty Harry shot:

In the foreground, the wounded merc squirms on the concrete.

The flaming car throws savage shadows.

MARTIN RIGGS strides calmly down the freeway.
Like a fucking juggernaut.
Expressionless.

Behind him cars screech to a halt.
Drivers get out.

The wreck continues to burn.

Riggs strolls up to the wounded man.
Points the M-16 at him.

MERC

Help. I...need a doctor....

RIGGS

I'm your fucking doctor. You're
suffering from bullets. I prescribe
lead treatment.

He puts the gun to the guy's neck.

RIGGS

Talk to me.

Without warning, the merc's eyes go wide.
He stiffens.

Dies.

Riggs frowns and rolls him over.

A piece of shrapnel from the car is imbedded in his neck.

RIGGS

Oh, great! I make a stupid joke,
he dies.

He rubs at his eyes.

LONG SHOT

The freeway, seen from above.
Riggs crouches next to the dead man.
The car blazes like a beacon in the dark.
Police converge from all directions.
The night wears on.....

CUT TO:

- EXT --- BEACH HOUSE --- DAY

A plush Malibu beach house.
Basking in the sun.
Waves lap gently at the shore.

SERGEANT LEW PARISH enters the living room.
Agitated. Moving quickly.

Snaps shut a briefcase.
Inside we catch a glimpse of money. Bundles of it.

He picks it up along with another, larger suitcase, and
walks out onto the balcony.
Heads for the stairs.

Behind him the ocean stretches away toward night.

He walks down the wooden steps toward his car ---
Until a VOICE suddenly stops him.

VOICE

Hey.

5
He turns.
Sucks a sharp breath.

SERGEANT MARTIN RIGGS is striding up the beach.

He looks like he hasn't slept in a week.
His tie is crooked.
His coat flaps in the breeze.

He carries a .44 Automag loosely in one hand.

RIGGS
Afternoon, Lew.

Parish turns, starts to run.

CLICK.
The hammer is cocked.

Parish stops dead.
Turns.
The gun is aimed at his chest.

RIGGS
Let's talk.

His hand on the gun is rock steady. CUT TO:

EXT --- THE BEACH

Riggs stands, gun extended.

Parish approaches through the sand.
Hands above his head.

Stops a few yards away.
They face each other in tableau.

The waves break on the shore.

PARISH
How'd you know?

RIGGS
Simple enough. I knew there
was a leak in the Department.

PARISH
How'd you figure?

RIGGS
(Shrugs:) Knew it the minute Dixie's
house blew up. (beat) Amanda Lloyd's
murder was open and shut. We had a
perfect fall guy. Why kill Dixie...?
Unless someone knew we were coming to
visit her. (beat) Only people who
knew that were the cops....

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PARISH
Makes sense.

RIGGS
Then when I heard the drugs were coming
through Long Beach, I thought of you.
I figure you provided the clearances.
Let the heroin on the docks.

PARISH
You're a regular Sam Spade.

RIGGS
I watch a lot of T.V. (beat) How
much did they pay you?

Parish tosses the briefcase on the sand.

PARISH
For tonight's shipment, a hundred
grand.

RIGGS
I thought it would be more.

PARISH
You think you know a lot, don't you...?

RIGGS
I'm learning fast.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Parish speaks, we see that he has a HIDEAWAY DERRINGER
tucked into the back of his pants.

- Out of sight.
Waiting.

PARISH
Then I guess you know about your wife.

RIGGS
(Stiffens:) What about my wife?

PARISH
(Shakes his head:) You gotta know
her death was no accident.

RIGGS
What...?

PARISH
A year ago, you dumb fuck. You were
working the docks with me, remember?
You almost tumbled to the scam. So
Mr. Joshua ran her off the road. Nice
little accident. And we all had a great
time watching you fall apart. Sitting

(Cont'd)
at home alone....Smoking...Drinking...
You did everything just perfect.

RIGGS
No....You son of a bitch..!

PARISH
Incidentally, Mr. Joshua even fucked
her. (beat) You didn't think she
was making it with only one guy, did you..?

RIGGS
SHUT UP.

He levels the gun.

PARISH
Go ahead. Shoot me. Real heroic,
me just standing here.

A pause.
Riggs finger twitches on the trigger.
He is purple with anger.

He swallows.
Takes a deep breath.

Lowers the gun.
A moment. Then:

RIGGS
Awright. Let's go.

He starts to walk.

Parish makes his move.
Snatches the hideaway Derringer and pumps off a shot.

The slug hits Riggs' hand.
He grunts and drops the Automag.

Dives and rolls.

Parish fires again, wild.
The bullet goes over Riggs' head.

Riggs comes out of his roll in a combat crouch.
A metal object in his hand.
He flings it.

A CHINESE THROWING STAR:
Shirukens, they're called.

It sings through the air ---

Bites into Parish's collarbone.
Blood sprays.

The gun drops. He hits the sand.

Groans.

Riggs stumbles to his feet.
Approaches across the sand.

The wind blows.
The waves break.

Parish is trying to crawl away.
Riggs strolls up, stands over him.

RIGGS
Nice try, Babe. (beat) Kinda hard to
move your arm, huh? That's your
radial nerve. Real sorry.

He kicks Parish's arms out from under him.
Leans down.

RIGGS
Here's the thing, Lew. I got a
problem. I don't know where to
find the heroin. I think you
do. So you're gonna tell me.

PARISH
I ain't tellin' you shit.

RIGGS
(Smiles:) Oh, you'll tell me.

He lifts Parish off the ground, carries him toward the water.

PARISH
Hey. Hey! What the fuck are
you doing???

RIGGS
I'm crazy, remember?

He drops Parish in the water.

PARISH
Dammit, Riggs, you're a cop.

RIGGS
(Shrugs:) I probably won't be
after this.

He jams Parish's head beneath the water.
Holds it there.
Parish struggles.
Riggs looks on, impassive as ever.

A flock of seagulls takes to the air. CUT TO:

INT --- HOSPITAL ROOM --- LATE AFTERNOON

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ROGER MURTAUGH is propped up in bed, smoking a cigarette.
His ribs are securely taped.
Face bandaged.

He studies a piece of paper.
Beside him, MARTIN RIGGS stands without expression.

MURTAUGH
This is the route.

RIGGS
Yeah. Once it's in they move it
by truck. Figure we'll take 'em
on the road.

MURTAUGH
Gimme my coat. I want in on this.

RIGGS
No.
(Murtaugh glares at him:)
Sorry, pal. You're gonna stay
here and watch Dynasty.

MURTAUGH
Uh-uh. No dice.

RIGGS
Hell, man, you were shot.

MURTAUGH
Yeah. And they electrocuted you.

RIGGS
Tough. You're older. Stay here.

- Murtaugh tries to sit up. Groans. Falls back.
Pause, then:

MURTAUGH
You're not taking them alone?

RIGGS
No. I'm using backup.

MURTAUGH
Okay. (beat) ...You know, I've been
thinking....(Pause:) Martin, whatever
it is you hold back. I want you to
cut it loose. I mean, go to war with
these people. I want them...buried.
Understand? (beat) Do what you're
good at.

RIGGS
(Nods:) I will.

He turns to go.

MURTAUGH
Hell, man....He a hero.

RIGGS
(Turns:) I don't believe in heroes.

MURTAUGH
That's no excuse.

Riggs exits.
Murtaugh frowns.
Drums his fingers on the bed. CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Nighttime Los Angeles.
Christmas Eve.
Bright lights.
Flashy colors.

Everything seems peaceful and bright.
We know better....

EXT --- HOLLYWOOD HILLS --- NIGHT

A LONE PANEL TRUCK winds its way through the hills.
Around it, Hollywood gleams like a gem.
The huge HOLLYWOOD SIGN looks down in judgment.

INT --- PANEL TRUCK

THE GENERAL is driving.
Beside him MR. JOSHUA sits.
Sullen. Deadly-looking.
He is on a very short fuse.

GENERAL
Ten million dollars, Joshua.
Split two ways.

JOSHUA
I'd be much happier, sir, if
I knew Riggs and Murtaugh were dead.

GENERAL
When this is over, perhaps we can
arrange to have them taken out.

JOSHUA
I would like that very much.

The truck rounds a corner.

Rumbles down a stretch of mountainous roadway.

And suddenly finds itself smackdab in front of ---
A POLICE ROAD BLOCK.

Ahead about 100 yards.

157
The General swears violently.
Slams his fist on the steering wheel.

GENERAL
Goddammit, how...?

JOSHUA
Parish. Had to be Parish.
(beat) Wait here.

He disappears into the back of the truck.

A UNIFORMED COP approaches with a megaphone.
His gun is drawn.

COP
Please stop your vehicle for
police inspection.

The General taps the brake. The truck slows.
Cops move forward.

INT --- THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

Inside, Mr. Joshua slides open a panel in the wall of
the truck.
Peers out.

He steps back, grabs a piece of canvas, and throws it aside.
Revealing something really deadly.

A mounted SUBMACHINE GUN.
The kind mounted on the back of jeeps.

He leaps behind it, swivels it so the barrel faces
squarely toward the opening in the truck.

JOSHUA
Okay. Funch it.

The General hits the gas, and the truck lurches forward.

The cops leap aside as the vehicle comes barreling in.
They open fire. Bullets fill the nighttime air.

SPING! SPANG! SPONG!
Bullets hammer the truck, yet they barely leave a dent.
The thing is bullet-proof as hell.

Joshua opens up with the big machine gun.

The ground erupts in a series of explosions.
Thirty rounds a second.
Chewing up the highway.

The truck ELASTS THROUGH the roadblock doing fifty.
Metal crunches.
Glass shatters.

Cops are blown backward by high velocity slugs.

182
The truck roars onward.

As the dust settles, a cop grabs a microphone and shouts:

COP
Air One, Air One, panel truck,
license plate 743 XIK, heading
southbound.

INT --- POLICE HELICOPTER

An AIR SUPPORT COP speaks into a headset.

AIR COP
Roger, Unit Six. Air One, responding.

EXT --- THE ROADWAY

THE PANEL TRUCK explodes into view, barreling toward camera.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As it lurches around a tight bend, battling gravity ---

AIR ONE rises like an AVENGING ANGEL

from below, hovering directly in front of the truck.
A loudspeaker blares.

LOUDSPEAKER
PULL OVER AT ONCE. STOP YOUR
VEHICLE AND SURRENDER.

The General floors it. The truck leaps like a kicked
rabbit. Spits up a cloud of dust.

AIR COP
Let's take him out.

The helicopter swoops down beside the truck, running
alongside ---

Both of them plunging forward headlong ---

As a POLICE GUNNER leans out of the chopper.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Mr. Joshua shoves aside the lid of a wooden crate.
Not just any crate.
This one is labeled NAPALM.

He takes out a sleek, cylindrical projectile.

The police gunner opens fire from above.
Stuttering AR-16 fire.
The truck's windshield splinters, but does not break.

123
The truck pitches back and forth, swerves madly.

And then JOSHUA leans out the window with a rocket launcher.
It holds the silver cylinder.

His face is absolutely RADIANT.
He's having a great time.

MR. JOSHUA
Say goodnight.

He fires the Napalm charge.

The helicopter DISSOLVES INTO FIRE.

Truly spectacular.

The cops on the road all shield their eyes ---
As the truck swerves around a bend, out of sight.

THE HELICOPTER

Is plunging out of control, dripping liquid fire....
Hurtles across the sky like a meteor ---
Straight toward the HOLLYWOOD sign.

Impacts.
Blows apart in a fiery rain.

The cops at the barricade stare, open-mouthed.

COP
My God, this is a fucking WAR....

And how right he is.

The truck is plowing through the hills toward Hollywood
proper, rumbling along like a tank.

And MARTIN RIGGS springs from cover.

He is dressed in full combat gear.
His face is smeared with camouflage paint.
His body is covered with every conceivable weapon.

He runs forward, leaps ---
And catches onto the truck.

Scales it quickly.
Crouches on the roof.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Joshua hears something and looks up.
He screams to the General.

JOSHUA
Hit the brakes!

154/
On top of the truck, Riggs is pulling the pin on a grenade.

The General stomps the brake pedal.
The truck stands on its nose.

Riggs catapults into the air.
Off the truck.

Lands with a crash in the brush.

The grenade bounces away, EXPLODES in a shower of dirt.

Joshua says to the General:

JOSHUA
Get out of here. I'll cover you.

He leaps out of the truck.
Hits.
Rolls into the brush.
Dodges behind a tree.

Unslings a rifle and snaps it to his shoulder.

JOSHUA
Alright, you bastard. Let's see
who's better.

He glues his eyes to the infra-red scope.
Scans.

EXT --- HILLSIDE

Riggs swings his own rifle into position.
Stares through the eyepiece.
Perfect concentration.

A battle of wits.

Each one scanning, searching for the other.

THE CROSSHAIRS sweep the landscape. Illuminating
everything in shades of infra-red.

Riggs.

Joshua.

Two soldiers.

POLICE SIRENS draw nearer.

Joshua swings around. Looking, looking....
Suddenly spots Riggs.
On the hillside.

He is sighted in on Riggs' exact location.
Only problem is, Riggs' rifle is pointed right at the camera.
HE IS SIGHTED IN ON JOSHUA.

Simultaneous.

They fire at the same time.

TWO SHOTS. Two distinct rifle cracks.

Riggs is hit in the shoulder. Blown backward.

Joshua loses his left ear.

The bullet takes it clean off.

Sends him back over the edge of the hill.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Riggs and Joshua both tumble out of control.

Both wounded. Bloody.

They careen down the hillside, bouncing like rag puppets ---

Kicking up a shower of dirt and rocks ---

Crashing through bushes, splintering wood ---

Finally hitting bottom.

Bam.

Riggs.

Joshua.

Each looks like shit.

They struggle to their feet.

Joshua stumbles off toward the trees.

100 yards away, Riggs rises, staggering after him.

Holds the rifle one handed.

Fires like a man insane, BAM-BAM-BAM--!

Blowing apart the landscape, the bullets searching out Joshua ---
Stumbling forward; refusing to give up ---

And Joshua is firing too, blowing out chunks of earth
near Riggs ---

And Riggs ducks as a bullet parts his hair.

Goes down.

Hits hard. Grunts.

Joshua ducks out of sight into the trees.

ON THE ROAD ABOVE

THE GENERAL is driving insanely fast.
Screaming around hairpin turns.

A squadron of cops on his tail.

He spins the wheel frantically, slews around a corner
with a shriek of rubber....

And wouldn't you know it, there's BOGLE MURTAUGH.

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Standing beside his Buick.
Head still bandaged.

The General sees him, snarls ---
Punches the gas.

Murtaugh holds his ground.

Examines his hand.
A tremble. Tiny, but it's there.
Scowls.

He stretches.
Cracks his neck.

Shifts from foot to foot, steadying himself.

He has one shot.
The numbers are falling, it's all coming down ---
And he's ready.

The truck moves into range.
Doing fifty.

Murtaugh cross-draws with lightning swiftness.
BAM! ---!
The report is deafening.

The windshield, already weakened, SHATTERS...

And the General sprouts a third eye.
Perfect shot. Dead center.

The truck swerves.
Murtaugh steps calmly out of the way.
It slams into a tree and rolls over.
Grinding metal.
An eruption of glass.

It continues to roll like some great BEAST, crumpling
and folding like an accordion...

And as it rolls over on the GENERAL'S CORPSE ---
We see that there are three GRENADES attached to his belt.

One of them becomes wedged in the metal.
The pin begins, slowly, to move....
Fraction of an inch.
Another.

The truck rolls over completely.
The pin falls loose.

EXT --- ROADWAY

Murtaugh is running away from the wreck.
Heaving.
Straining.
Gatting as far away as he can.

Police cars are pulling up.
He frantically waves them back.

The truck sits against the tree, ominously silent.
A moment.
Another moment.

The grenade goes off.

EXT --- ROAD

THE TRUCK BLOWS SKY HIGH.

A tower of fire.
Blows the cops flat.
Knocks them ass over teacups.
Echoes through the hills.

Turns night into day for one brief instant.

And then ---
Then something truly incredible happens.

For the first time in nearly a century ---
It begins to snow in Hollywood.

Murtaugh looks up, a "What the hell..?" expression on
his face.

Sure enough ---

THE HEROIN

Is sifting down on the night air, all ten million dollars
worth....

A cloud over the entire hillside.

Swirling in the breeze.

MURTAUGH

Gets slowly to his feet, checking for broken bones.
If it wasn't busted already, apparently it's okay now.

Time passes.
A hand rests on his shoulder.

MARTIN RIGGS

stands next to him.
A walking testament to man's ability to bloody himself.

The two most physically abused men in film history.

Around them, the heroin snow is still falling.
Behind them, the Hollywood sign burns.

This is one fucking weird night....

Riggs looks at Murtaugh.
Murtaugh looks at Riggs.

MURTAUGH

Well, shit.

RIGGS

Try not to breathe, you'll see
pink elephants. (beat) I thought
I told you to stay in bed.

MURTAUGH

Dynasty was a re-run. (beat)
You get Joshua?

RIGGS

He stole a car. Got away.

MURTAUGH

(Suddenly stops:) Jesus.

RIGGS

What?

MURTAUGH

You don't think he'd...?

They exchange incredulous looks.

RIGGS

Come on.

They dash off toward a waiting police car. CUT TO:

EXT --- THE MURTAUGH HOME --- NIGHT

The Christmas lights shed a happy glow.
The lawn is still littered with toys.

TWO UNIFORMED COPS

Are watching over the house, sitting in a police car
across the street.
One of them slurps at a sandwich.
The other is cleaning his gun.

A CAR pulls up next to them.
The door opens and out steps MR. JOSHUA.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, sir, may I see some I.D. ?

Joshua takes an Uzi from beneath his coat.
No hesitation.
Blows them apart.

TWO MORE COPS

Come running around the side of the house.
Joshua calmly nails them too.

Walks forward, gun smoking.
Crosses the lawn to the front door.

Kicks it to splinters.

EXT --- CITY STREET --- SAME

A POLICE CAR peels around the corner on two wheels.

Takes out a Salvation Army bucket, which pops like a
clay duck.

Coins shower every which way.

An angry Santa Claus chases the car.

INSIDE THE CAR

Murtaugh is driving like a lunatic.

Siren blaring.

Riggs holds a handkerchief over his gunshot wound.

INT --- THE MURTAUGH HOME --- SAME

Joshua is in the kitchen.

He triggers the Uzi and it belches flame.

Spits out a stream of .9mm destruction.

The kitchen DISINTEGRATES under a hail of fire, dishes
EXPLODING, countertops shattering, the refrigerator
vomiting up its contents.

He stops.

The kitchen bleeds from a hundred wounds. Soups, jellies,
sauces; they stream like fresh blood across the linoleum tile.

He moves on.

Kicks open another door. Bedroom.

Snaps in a fresh clip; empties it into the room.

Trahes everything in sight:

Star Wars bedspread.

Stuffed animals.

Van Halen posters.

Children's toys die a thousand plastic deaths.

Joshua stops.

Snarls.

Something is wrong....

He runs from room to room, triggering destruction
everywhere he goes.

The gun stutters.

The house is hammered to fragments.

Plaster and wood fill the air in a cloud.
A mist of finely chopped stucco drifts in and out.

The house is a wreck, alright.
There's only one problem:

THERE IS NO ONE HERE.

Joshua has just spent five minutes demolishing an
empty Santa Monica bungalow.

He bursts into the only room he hasn't visited:
Living room.

It, too, is empty.

There is a NOTE, however, taped to the Christmas tree.
Scribbled in magic marker:

DEAR BADGUYS:

NO ONE HERE BUT US COPS.
SORRY.

--- MARTIN RIGGS

Joshua swears. Runs for the door.

AND A POLICE CAR drives through the front of the house.

PLOWS INTO THE LIVING ROOM, shearing boards in half,
bursting windows, grinding to a halt in a sea of rubble.

Joshua spins, triggering the Uzi.

Strafes the car.

A withering fire.

Empties an entire clip at the front windshield, dicing it
to smithereens.

Waves the gun like a WAND, strafing X patterns, firing
all the while, completely EXTINGUISHING the car and
all life within.

Stops.

Silence.

Floating debris.

Joshua lowers the gun. Breathing hard.

Crosses the room, his boots crunching through broken glass.

Yanks on the driver's door.

It falls loose with a metal CLANG.

A corpse topples out.

Hangs lifeless.

And Mr. Joshua suddenly gasps.

Because, see, it's the WRONG CORPSE....

In fact, it is one of the cops from outside.
One of those he had ALREADY KILLED.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The cop's NIGHT STICK has been jammed against the
accelerator pedal.

Joshua moves away from the car.

And that's when MARTIN RIGGS comes down the chimney.
Lands in a cloud of soot, gun extended.

Joshua spins, raising the Uzi.

No dice. Riggs is quicker.
Fires without blinking.

Blows apart Mr. Joshua's right hand.
Joshua screams.
Drops the machine gun.

RIGGS

Ho, ho, ho.

Joshua dives through the window.

Lands outside on the lawn.
Rolls.
Comes up running.

Except there is ROGER MURTAUGH, drawing a bead on the
retreating figure.

MURTAUGH

Freeze, Joshua.

Joshua stops, whirls. Growls low in his throat.

Police cars are approaching in the distance.
Sirens fill the nighttime air.
The wind blows.

MARTIN RIGGS steps out of the house.

Pointing the .44 Automag like a finger of doom.
Strolls toward Mr. Joshua.
The gun held rock steady.

RIGGS

It's okay, Roger. I'll handle this.

He steps up to Joshua. Smiles.
And then he does something very strange.
He relaxes his grip on the gun ---

AND TOSSES IT AWAY.

Faces Joshua.

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Raises his arms, and carefully places them behind his head.
And then, damned if he doesn't close his eyes.
When he speaks, his voice drips menace:

RIGGS
Come on, Ace. (beat) Try me.

A moment.
Joshua goes tense.

Flexes his wrist; a stiletto snaps into his palm.
Riggs just stands there.
Eyes closed.

Joshua crouches.

MURTAUGH
Martin..!

Joshua springs.

And suddenly Riggs is no longer there.

He easily dodges the knife. Spins ---
Flicks out a hand ---
And whisks off Mr. Joshua's sunglasses.

The land in the grass.

Joshua turns.
Exposing one wide, staring eye...
And one EMPTY, GAFING SOCKET.
Grotesque.

RIGGS
So. We through? Quit now, or..?

Joshua strikes with the knife.
Riggs ducks; the thrust goes over his head.
He comes up smiling.

Moves like a cobra:
His hand flashes out. Lightning quick.

A death blow.

Plants three fingers of his right hand THROUGH MR.
JOSHUA'S EYE SOCKET ---

And into his brain....

Joshua is dead before he hits the ground.
Riggs stands over the body.

RIGGS
You lose.

Takes out a handkerchief, wipes a slick of blood
from his hand.

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Murtaugh comes up to him.
They look at each other.
Sirens, coming nearer.

Riggs nods toward the corpse:

RIGGS
No depth perception.

MURTAUGH
(After a beat:) You killed him.

RIGGS
Yeah. I killed him.
(Pause, then:)
Shhh. Don't tell nobody.

They stand beneath the warm glow of the Christmas lights.

Around them, cop cars brake to a halt, flashers turning.
The wind blows.
The night wears on.....
FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT --- POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE --- DAY

Long Beach Police Commissioner ED MURPHY drops a pile of paperwork on his desk. Glances up at MARTIN RIGGS, who stands expressionless before the desk.

MURPHY
There you go.

RIGGS
Sir..?

MURPHY
Your request for a Section Six has been granted. You are being officially retired with a disability stress pension.

RIGGS
I didn't request that, sir.

MURPHY
You got it anyway. Understand...?

RIGGS
(Slowly:) Yes, sir.

He slowly picks up the stack of papers, turns to leave.
Murphy stops him:

MURPHY
Martin.
(Riggs turns.)
I'm sorry to see you go. You could've been a great cop.

RIANNE
(Smiles:) There are other great cops.

CUT TO:

INT --- HOSPITAL CORRIDOR --- DAY

ROGER MURTAUGH stands with his wife Trish.
Around them the hospital bustles with activity. They are
oblivious. Staring into each other's eyes.

TRISH
Roger. Maybe it's time you....quit.

He stares at her for a long moment.

MURTAUGH
Yeah. Maybe it is.

CUT TO:

INT --- HOSPITAL ROOM

RIANNE is sitting up in bed, staring out the window.
Clutching a stuffed Pooh Bear.

MURTAUGH enters and sits down beside her. Gently takes
her hand. The missing ring finger has been bandaged.

MURTAUGH
Hey.

RIANNE
Hi, Daddy.

She holds up her bandaged hand. Her voice breaks:

RIANNE
Oh, Daddy, it's so ugly....

MURTAUGH
Shhhhhh. No.....
(She looks at him tearfully.)
You're beautiful. (bcat) I love you.

She hugs him, beginning to cry. He holds her with all
his might.

RIANNE
I'm scared....Scared to leave here....

MURTAUGH
I know, I know....(Softly:) It's
over now. All over. Everything
is allright.

RIANNE
It isn't....(Cries:) It'll happen
again.....

MURTAUGH
Shhh. It won't happen again.

RIANNE
Everything is scary now...I just...
I just want things to be normal again.
Like...Mom's cooking....And you
telling me to do my homework....

MURTAUGH
Things will be normal. I promise.

RIANNE
I'm afraid....

Murtaugh stares straight ahead while his daughter sobs
against his chest.
And he can think of nothing more to say.

INT --- MIDTOWN HOMICIDE --- DAY

Murtaugh stares straight ahead. In a trance.
Ash dangles from his cigarette.
McCasky looks over at him worriedly.

McCASKY
Rog. You okay...?

Murtaugh nods.
Speaks from very far away:

MURTAUGH
The kids....are fine. You know it..?
Us old bastards....We're killing them.

He stares out the window. CUT TO:

EXT --- CITY STREET --- CHRISTMAS DAY

Christmas carolers sing.
A big banner screams MERRY CHRISTMAS to passing cars.
Christmas lights.
Tinsel.
Murtaugh and Riggs stand on the sidewalk, huddled
inside their coats. Their breath plumes out in front
of them.

MURTAUGH
So.

RIGGS
So.

MURTAUGH
Heard you got a Section Six.

RIGGS
Yeah.

MURTAUGH

Guess I won't be seeing you around.

RIGGS

Guess not. (beat) The Department thinks I'm wild. I don't belong anymore. Not here.

MURTAUGH

Where do you belong?

RIGGS

Who knows..? Maybe I can get a job on a re-make of Rambo.

MURTAUGH

My son would come see you.

RIGGS

He'd be the only one.

MURTAUGH

(A pause, then:) Riggs.

RIGGS

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

You think...we did any good?

RIGGS

What do you mean?

MURTAUGH

What we did. The people we killed. Did it...fix anything..?

RIGGS

(Frowns:) I don't know. I honestly don't.

MURTAUGH

I'm thinking of quitting.

RIGGS

Don't you dare.
(Murtaugh looks at him.)
You're too old to change now, Colchese.

MURTAUGH

Me? Old..?

RIGGS

You just hang in there.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. You too.

RIGGS

Guess I'll say goodbye..

MURTAUGH
Sure. Come over for dinner sometime.

RIGGS
No thanks.

MURTAUGH
Don't blame you. I'm thinking of
arresting my wife for cruelty to
bacon. (beat) Merry Christmas, Martin.

RIGGS
Merry Christmas.

He walks off down the street.
Murtaugh watches him go.
Tightens his collar against the chill. CUT TO:

INT --- MURTAUGH'S STUDY --- DAY

Murtaugh sits alone at his desk, staring through a pair
of bifocals at some insurance papers.

Outside the window, the day is grey and bleak.

RICKLES THE CAT jumps up on the desk, squats next to
the telephone.

MURTAUGH
Hey.

He swats aside the cat.
There is a tap at the door.

Murtaugh looks up.

RIANNE

Enters and stands over him.
Spill of blonde hair like straw. Blue eyes.
Gorgeous.

RIANNE
Me and Mom don't want you to quit.

Murtaugh stares at her.
His eyes fill with tears.
He hugs her for all he's worth. CUT TO:

EXT --- CEMETERY --- DAY

MARTIN RIGGS walks through the grim cemetery beneath
skeletal trees.

Overhead, the sky threatens rain.
Lightning flickers briefly.

He stops, pulls his coat tightly around him.
Kneels down beside a grey tombstone:

VICTORIA LYNN RIGGS

BORN: 1953

DIED: 1984

He stares at the moist earth, his face grim and expressionless.
There are dark hollows beneath his eyes. The wind whips
at his hair.

He kisses his fingertips.
Presses them to the earth.

Reaches beneath his coat and removes a bright green Christmas
wreath, which he places atop the gravesite.

RIGGS
Merry Christmas.

It begins to rain.
Big, wet drops come spattering down out of the dead sky.
Riggs crouches in the downpour, oblivious.
Around him the cemetery is silent and empty.

The rain keeps falling. Drenching the ground.
Washing the earth. CUT TO:

INT --- RIGGS' APARTMENT --- TWILIGHT

Outside the rain is still falling.
Pattering against the window.
Peaceful.

Riggs is seated in front of the television, drinking.
A T.V. psychologist is addressing a panel:

PSYCHOLOGIST
(V.O.)

Loneliness is like a disease. Especially
at Christmas time, when people with
no family ties, people without relatives
or close friends, feel most strongly the
sense of...alienation. Of having nowhere
to go, nothing to which they can belong.
Now I personally feel ---

Riggs switches off the set.
Lights a cigarette and stares out the window.

An American flag flutters in the rain.
He looks at it.
Blinks.

Tosses down the last of the scotch, and goes into the bathroom.
Reaches into the medicine cabinet ---
And removes a bottle of sleeping pills. CUT TO:

EXT --- APARTMENT

A hand reaches into frame and knocks on the door.

A feminine hand.

INT --- APARTMENT

Riggs starts to reach for his gun.
Stops.

RIGGS

Come in.

The door opens, and in comes the sixteen year-old HOOKER who he met on Sunset earlier.
She looks young, and innocent, and not much like a hooker at all.

Riggs frowns. This is a surprise.
The girl smiles.

GIRL

Buy me a cup of coffee?

RIGGS

(Laughs:) Oboy. (Laughs harder:)
You...um, came at a really bad time.

GIRL

Why, what are you doing?

RIGGS

(Sighs:) Weeeelllll....I was kinda
thinkin' about...killin' myself here.

The girl sees the open bottle of pills. Shakes her head.

GIRL

Buy me a cup of coffee. You can
kill yourself tomorrow.

RIGGS

(Thinks it over. Shrugs:) Okay.
I'll kill myself tomorrow.

He tosses the pills in a drawer, gets up, and puts
on his coat. CUT TO:

EXT --- RIGGS' APARTMENT BUILDING --- TWILIGHT

Riggs and the girl emerge onto the sidewalk.
Start walking uptown through the rain.

As they do, a POLICE CRUISER swings around the corner.
Approaches them.

Riggs looks up.
Stops.

The car goes slowly past. At the wheel is RAGER MURTAUGH.

He nods to Riggs. Tosses him a salute.

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Riggs returns the salute. Smiles.

Murtaugh drives off down the street. Turns the corner toward downtown.

Riggs and the girl walk off arm in arm through the rain. Night is falling.

FADE OUT

ROLL END CREDITS